Selections from Living Hymns, published by John J. Hood, Philada.
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Gospel Tent Songs

Compiled and used by the Presbyterian Evangelistic
Committee of Philadelphia

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THE Music Committee appointed by the Presbyterian Evangelistic Committee have selected the hymns of this book with a special view to their being used in open-air and tent services, believing that the old hymns have lost none of their power in reaching and impressing all classes.

We send forth this book, praying that the Spirit of God may abundantly bless the gospel in song to the saving of souls and the quickening of the spiritual life of believers.

The Committee gratefully acknowledge the assistance of Prof. J. J. Lowe in making this selection.

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31979

Look and Live.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden

1. I've a mes - sage from the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! The mes- sage un - to you I'll give, 'Tis re - cord - ed in his word,
2. I've a mes - sage full of love, Hal - le - lu - jah! A mes- sage, oh! my friend, for you, 'Tis a mes- sage from a - bove,
3. Life is of - fered un - to thee, Hal - le - lu - jah! E- ter - nal life thy soul shall have, If you'll on - ly look to him,
4. I will tell you how I came, Hal - le - lu - jah! To Je - sus, when he made me whole; 'Twas be - liev - ing on his name,

D.S.—'Tis re - cord - ed in his word,

Fine.

Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live."
Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus said it, and I know 'tis true.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Look to Je - sus who a - lone can save.
Hal - le - lu - jah! I trust - ed and he saved my soul.

Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live."

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Look and live, . . . my brother, live, Look to Je - sus now and live;
look and live, look and live,

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62426

Victory Through Grace.

SALLIE MARTIN. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Conquering now and still to conquer, Rideth a King in his might,
2. Conquering now and still to conquer, Who is this wonder - ful King?
3. Conquering now and still to conquer, Jesus, thou Ruler of all,

Leading the host of all the faithful In- to the midst of the fight;
Whence are the armies which he leadeth, While of his glo - ry they sing?
Thrones and their sceptres all shall perish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,

See them with courage ad - vancing, Clad in their brilliant ar - ray,
He is our Lord and Redeem - er, Saviour and monarch di - vine,
Yet shall the arm- ies thou leadest, Faithful and true to the last,

Shouting the name of their Leader, Hear them ex- ult- ing - ly say.
They are the stars that for - ev - er Bright in his kingdom will shine.
Find in thy mansions e - ternal Rest, when their warfare is past.

CHORUS.

Not to the strong is the bat- tle, Not to the swift is the race,

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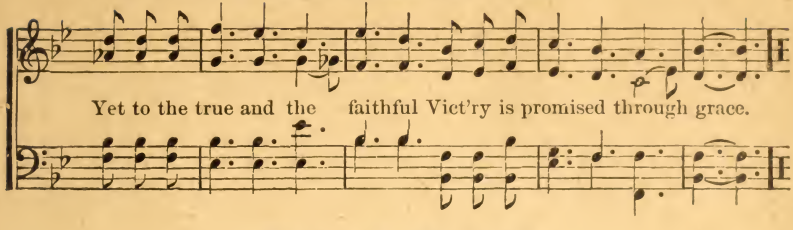
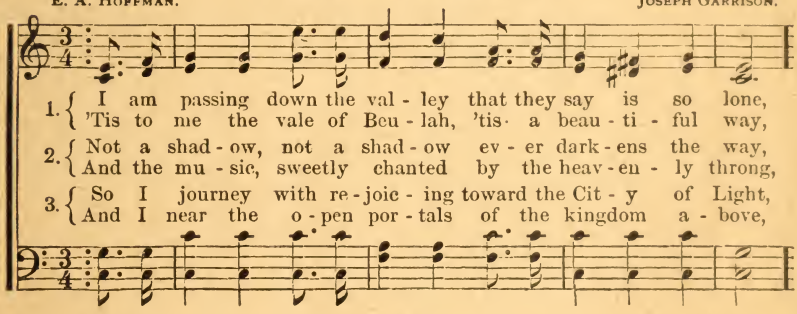
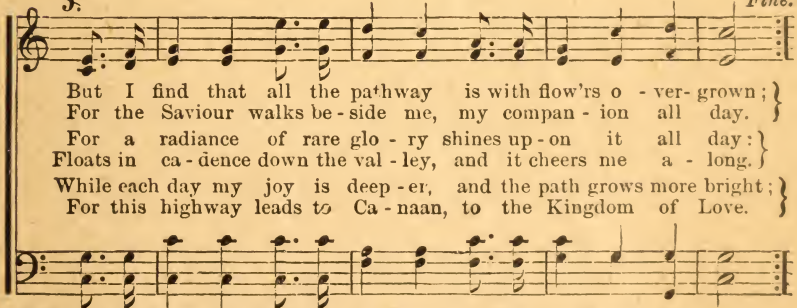
Victory Through Grace.—CONCLUDED. 7

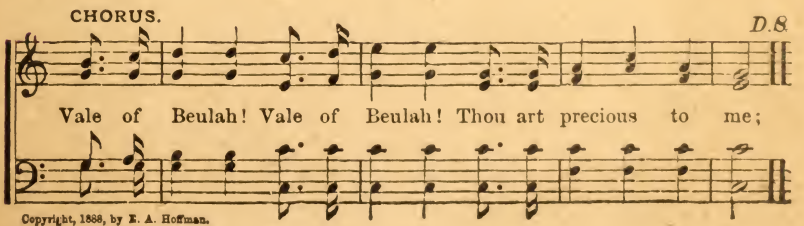


Vale of Beulah.

E. A. Hoffman. Joseph Garrison.







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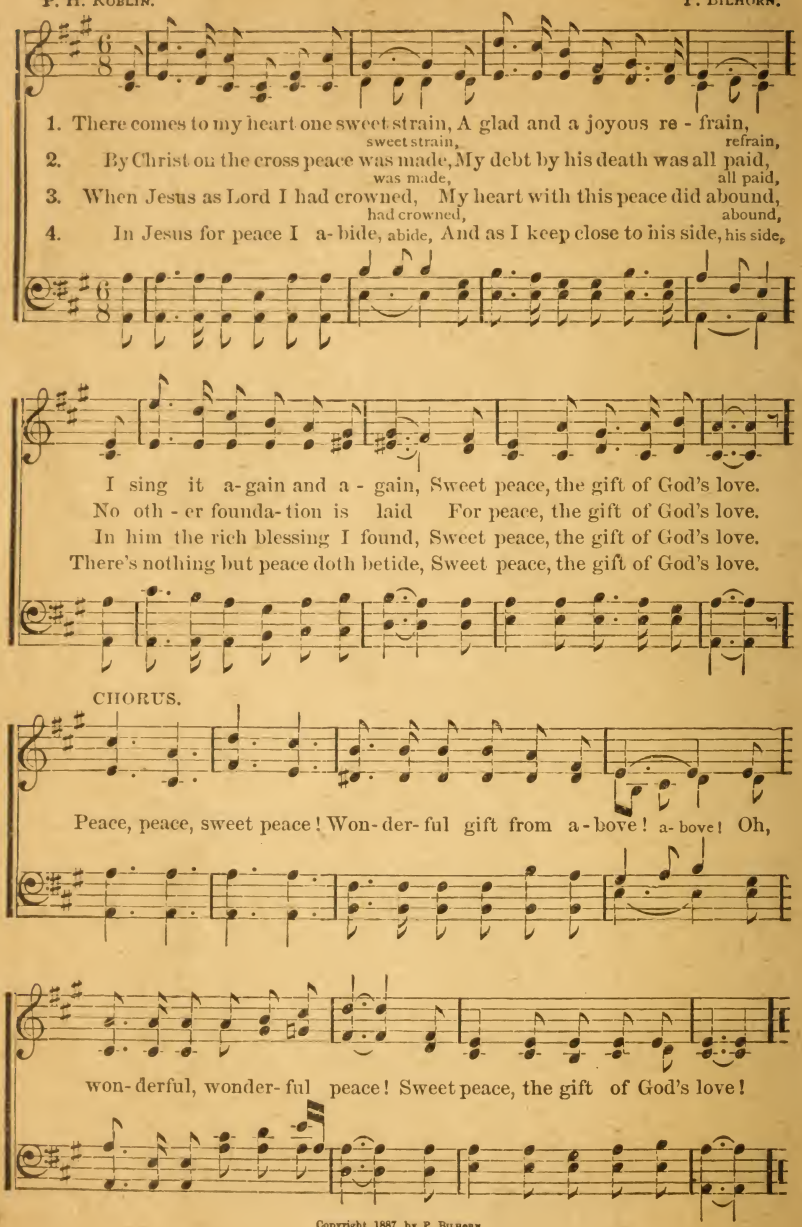
12 Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

P. H. Roblin. P. Bilhorn.



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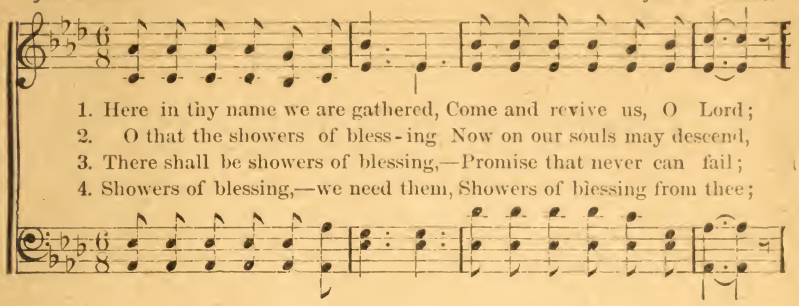
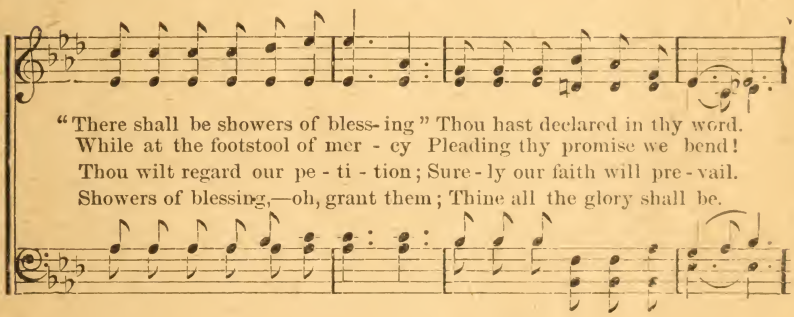
Showers of Blessing.

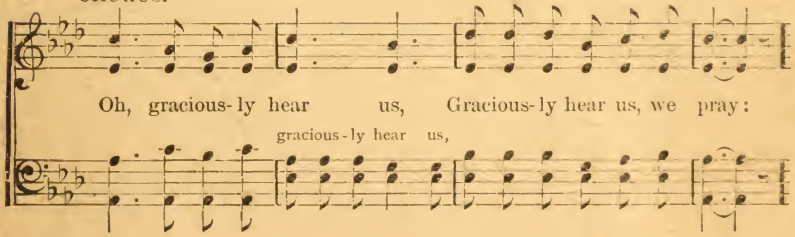
"And I will cause the shower to come down in his season."
Ezekiel xxxiv. 26.

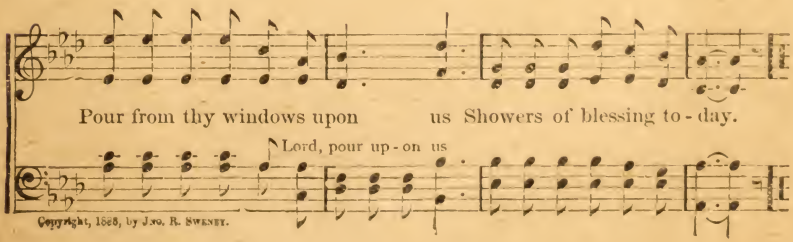
JENNIE GARNETT. JNO. R. SWENEY.





CHORUS.





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Lead Me, Saviour.

F. M. D. "For thy name's sake lead me, guide me."—Ps. xxxi. 3.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

With expression.

1. Saviour, lead me, lest I stray, Gent-ly lead me all the way;
2. Thou the refuge of my soul When life's stormy billows roll,
3. Saviour, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past,

1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gent - ly lead me all the way;

I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love abide.
I am safe when thou art nigh, All my hopes on thee rely.
To the land of endless day, Where all tears are wiped away.

I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love abide.

CHORUS.

Lead me, lead me, Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray; . . .
lest I stray;

rit. e dim.

Gently down the stream of time, Lead me, Saviour, all the way.
stream of time, all the way.

From "Carols of Joy," by per.

In the Shadow of His Wings.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. E. O. Excell.

1. In the shadow of his wings There is rest, sweet rest; There is rest from care and la-bor, There is rest for friend and neighbor, In the shadow of his wings.
2. In the shadow of his wings There is peace, sweet peace, Peace that passeth understanding, Peace, sweet peace that knows no ending, In the shadow of his wings.
3. In the shadow of his wings There is joy, glad joy, There is joy to tell the sto-ry—Joy ex-ceed-ing, full of glo-ry, In the shadow of hig wings.

There is rest, sweet rest In the shadow of his wings, There is rest, *sweet rest.*
There is peace, sweet peace In the shadow of his wings, There is peace, *sweet peace.*
There is joy glad joy In the shadow of his wings, There is joy, *glad joy.*

CHORUS.

There is rest, there is peace, There is joy In the shadow of his wings;
sweet rest, sweet peace, glad joy,

There is rest, there is peace, There is joy In the shadow of his wings
sweet rest, sweet peace, glad joy

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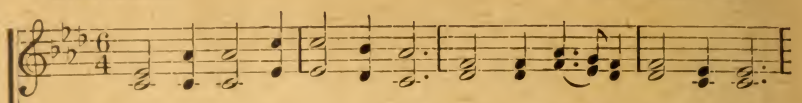
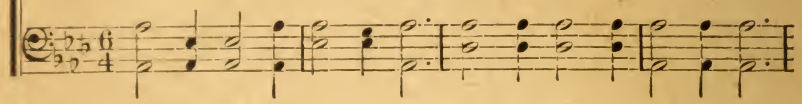
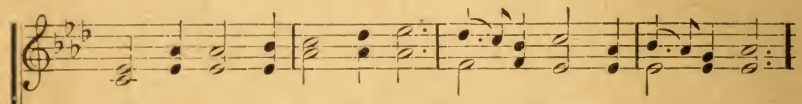
In the Book of Life.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

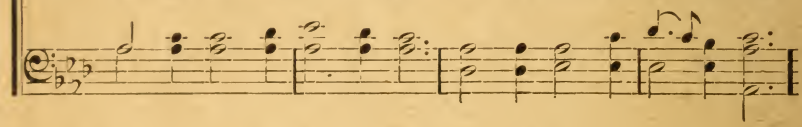


1. In thy book, where glory bright Shines with never - fad- ing light,
2. In the book, whose pages tell Who have tried to serve thee well,
3. In the book, where thou dost keep Record still of years that sleep,
4. O my Saviour, thou canst show What I long so much to know:

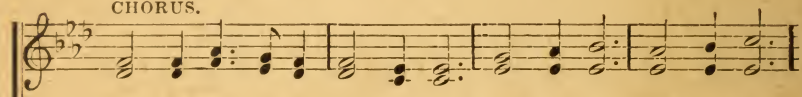




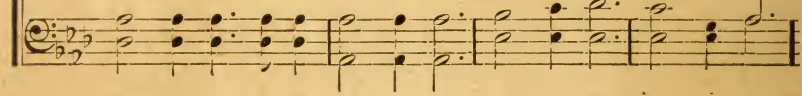
Where thy saved thou wilt re- cord, Write my name, my name, O Lord.
O'er my name let mer - cy trace Child of God, redeemed by grace.
Let my name be writ- ten down Heir to life's im- mor- tal crown.
Let my faith be- hold and see That my life is hid with thee.

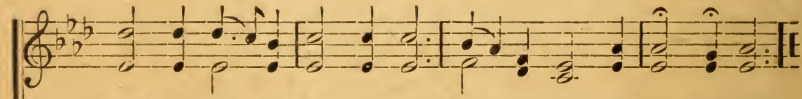


CHORUS.

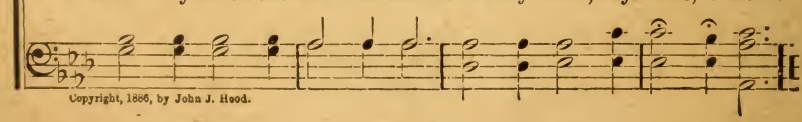


Write my name in the book of life, Lamb of God, write it there;





Where thy saved thou wilt re- cord Write my name, my name, O Lord.



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At the Cross.

I. Watts. "Look unto me, and be ye saved,"—Isa. xlv. 22. R. E. Hudson.

1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would he devote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - mazing pit - y, grace unknown, And love beyond de - gree!
Here, Lord, I give my - self a- way, 'Tis all that I can do!

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light and the burden of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith rolled away, I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day.

Copyright, 1895 by R. E. Hudson.

Stepping in the Light.

L. H. Edmunds. W. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Trying to follow our
2. Pressing more closely to him who is leading, When we are tempted to
3. Walking in footsteps of gen - tle forbearance, Footsteps of faithfulness,
4. Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Upward, still upward we'll

Saviour and King; Shaping our lives by his blessed ex- am - ple,
turn from the way; Trusting the arm that is strong to defend us,
mer - cy, and love, Looking to him for the grace free- ly promised,
fol - low our Guide, When we shall see him, "the King in his beauty."

CHORUS.

Happy, how happy, the songs that we bring. How beautiful to walk in the
Happy, how happy, our praises each day.
Happy, how happy, our journey above.
Happy, how happy, our place at his side.

steps of the Saviour, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light; How

beautiful to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Led in paths of light.

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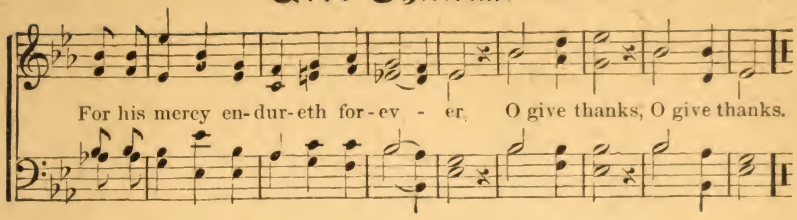
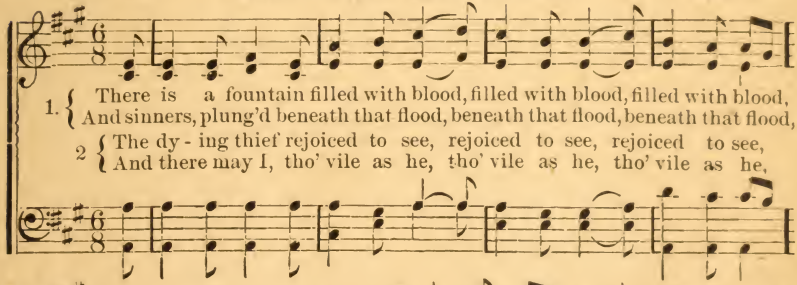
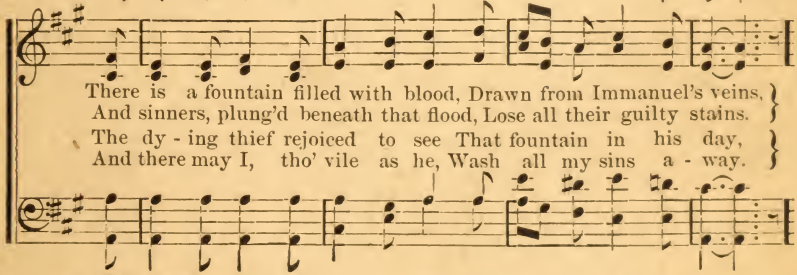
Give Thanks.—CONCLUDED.

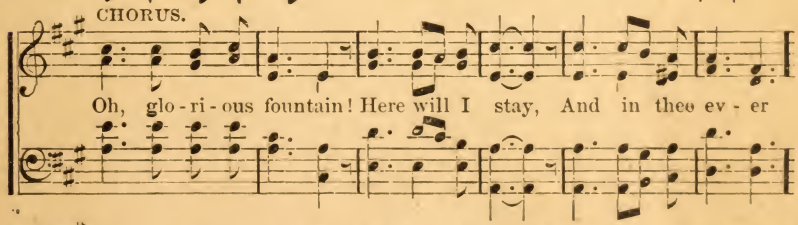


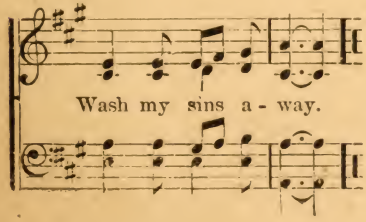
Glorious Fountain.

COWPER. T. C. O'KANE. By per.









3 Thou dying Lamb, ‖: thy precious blood :‖
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed ‖: Church of God :‖
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith ‖: I saw the stream :‖
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love ‖: has been my theme, :‖
And shall be till I die.

Blessed be the Fountain.

E. R. Latta. H. S. Perkins.

1. Blessed be the fountain of blood, To a world of sinners revealed;
2. Thorny was the crown that he wore, And the cross his bod- y o'ercame;
3. Father, I have wandered from thee; Of-ten has my heart gone astray;

Bless-ed be the dear Son of God, On - ly by his stripes we are healed;
Grievous were the sorrows he bore, But he suffered not thus in vain;
Crimson do my sins seem to me, Wa- ter cannot wash them a - way;

Tho' I've wandered far from his fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe;
May I to that fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here below;
Je- sus to that fountain of thine, Leaning on thy promise I'll go;

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow.
Wash me in the blood that was shed, And I shall be whiter than snow.
Cleanse me with thy washing divine, And I shall be whiter than snow.

CHORUS.

Whit - - - er than snow; Whit - - - er than snow.
Whiter than the snow; Whiter than the snow; Whiter than the snow; Whiter than the snow, the snow;

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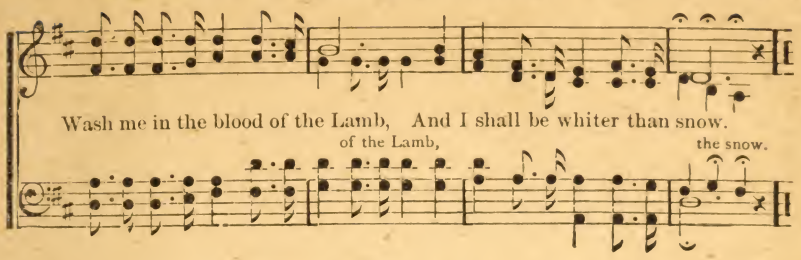
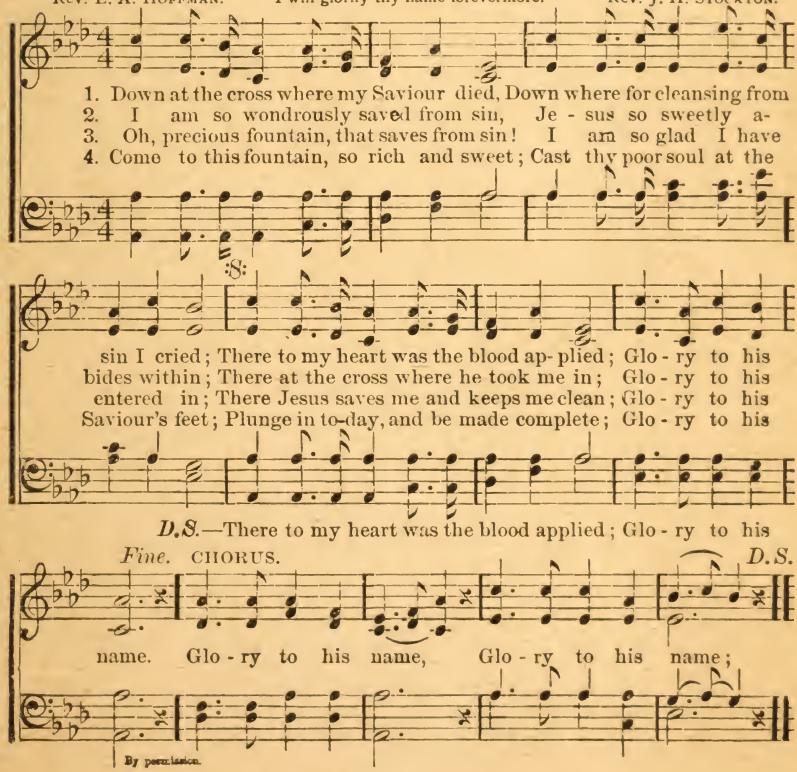
Blessed be the Fountain.—CONCLUDED. 37



Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. "I will glorify thy name forevermore." Rev. J. H. Stockton.



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God so Loved the World.

FANNY J. CROSBY. John iii. 16. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Solo ad lib.

1. God loved the world so tenderly His only Son he gave, That all who on his
2. Oh, love that only God can feel, And only he can show! Its height and depth, its
3. Why perish, then, ye ransom'd ones? Why slight the gracious call? Why turn from him
4. O Saviour, melt these hearts of ours, And teach us to believe That whosoever [whose

CHORUS.

name believe Its wondrous pow'r will save. For God so loved the world that he
length and breadth Nor heav'n nor earth can know!
words proclaim E-ter-nal life to all?
comes to thee Shall endless life receive.

gave his on-ly Son, That who-so-ev-er be-lieveth in him

Should not per-ish, should not per-ish; That who-so-ev-er be-

lieveth in him Should not per-ish, but have ev-er-last-ing life.

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Trusting Jesus, That is All.

EDGAR PAGE. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Sim - ply trusting ev - 'ry day; Trusting, though a stormy way;
2. Bright-ly doth his Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine;
3. Sing - ing, if my way is clear; Pray - ing, if the path is drear;
4. Trust- ing as the moments fly, Trust - ing as the days go by,

Ev - en when my faith is small, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
While he leads I can- not fall,— Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
If in dan- ger, for him call,— Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
Trust- ing him, whate'er be - fall,— Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.

CHORUS.

Trusting him while life shall last, . Trusting him till earth is past— . .
while life shall last, till earth is past—

Till within the jas- per wall— . . . Trusting Jesus, that is all.
the jas - per wall—

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The Stranger at the Door.

Rev. iii. 20. T. C. O'Kane.

1. Behold a stranger at the door, He gently knocks—has knocked before,
2. O love-ly at-titude,—he stands With melting heart and open hands;
3. But will he prove a friend indeed? He will,—the very friend you need;

Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
O matchless kindness, and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes.
The friend of sin-ners? Yes, 'tis he, With garments dyed on Cal-va-ry.

CHORUS.

Oh, let the dear Saviour come in, He'll cleanse the heart from sin; Oh,
come in, from sin;

keep him no more out at the door, But let the dear Saviour come in. come in.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine;
That soul-destroying monster, Sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn,—
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at HIS door rejected stand.

By permission.

50 The Saviour is My All in All.

P. B. "Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost."—Heb. vii. 25. P. BILHORN.

1. The Saviour is my all in all, He is my constant theme!
2. His Spir- it gives sweet peace within, And bids all care de - part!
3. And whatso - ev - er I may ask, To glo - ri - fy his name,
4. Oh, praise the Lord, my soul, rejoice, Give thanks unto thy God!

rit.

By sim - ply trusting in his word He keeps me pure and clean.
He fills my soul with righteousness, And pu - ri - fies the heart.
The Fa - ther free - ly gives to me, Since Christ the Saviour came.
Who took thee in thy sin - fulness, And cleansed thee by his blood!

CHORUS.

Glo - ry! oh, glo - ry! Je - sus hath redeemed me;

rit.

Glo - ry! oh, glo - ry! He washed my sins a - way, a - way!

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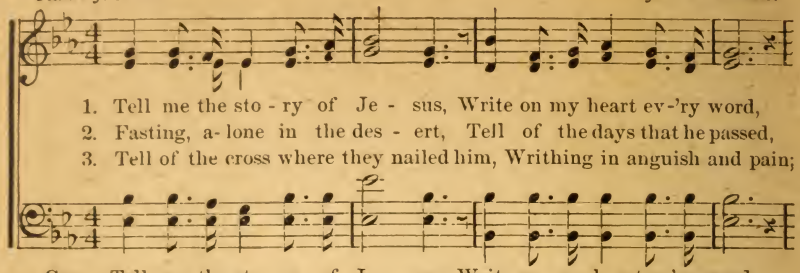
Tell Me the Story of Jesus.

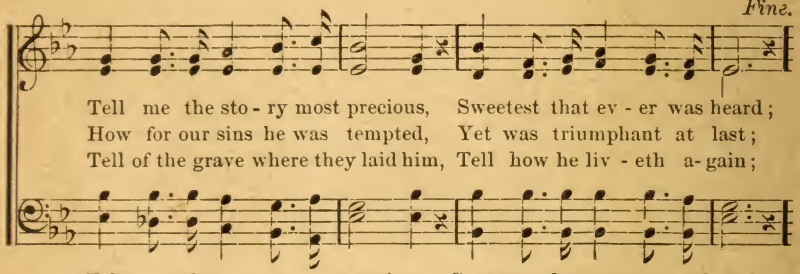
FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev-'ry word,
2. Fasting, a- lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that he passed,
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed him, Writhing in anguish and pain;

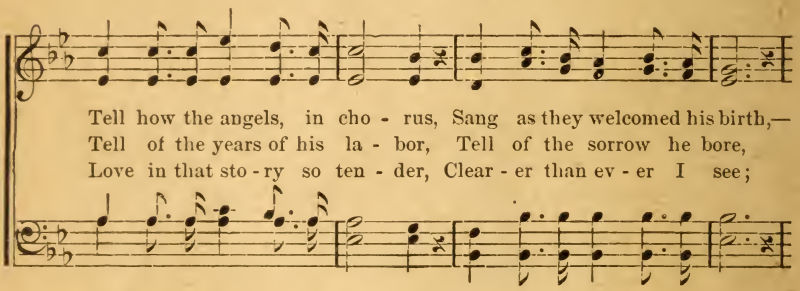
CHO.—Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev'ry word,

Fine.



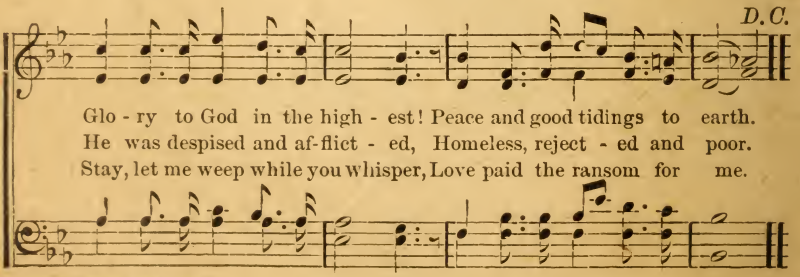
Tell me the sto - ry most precious, Sweetest that ev - er was heard;
How for our sins he was tempted, Yet was triumphant at last;
Tell of the grave where they laid him, Tell how he liv - eth a- gain;

Tell me the sto - ry most precious, Sweetest that ev - er was heard.



Tell how the angels, in cho - rus, Sang as they welcomed his birth,—
Tell of the years of his la - bor, Tell of the sorrow he bore,
Love in that sto - ry so ten - der, Clear - er than ev - er I see;

D.C.



Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Peace and good tidings to earth.
He was despised and af-flict - ed, Homeless, reject - ed and poor.
Stay, let me weep while you whisper, Love paid the ransom for me.

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19

Give me Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY

1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus,—All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweetest com - fort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view his constant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, In his cross my trust shall be,

But his love a - bid - eth ev - er, Thro' e - ter - nal years the same.
With my Sav - iour watching o'er me I can sing, though billows roll.
Then throughout my pilgrim jour - ney Light will cheer me all the while.
Till, with clear - er, brighter vis - ion, Face to face my Lord I see.

CHORUS.

Oh, the height and depth of mer - cy! Oh, the length and breadth of love!

Oh, the ful - ness of redemption, Pledge of end - less life a - bove!

Copyright, 1879, by Jno. R. Sweney.

The Lights of Home.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS — WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Question in italics responses in roman type.

1. *Steersman, steersman, the channel's rough and dark, The waves roll high, the winds sweep by, Now whither speeds thy bark? Now whither speeds thy bark?*
2. *Steersman, steersman, the stars are wrapped in mist.* The Pol-ar star still beams a - far On hills of am - e-thyst, On hills of am - e-thyst.
3. *Steersman, steersman, how wild the tempest raves!* The floods may swell, but all is well, While Jesus walks the waves, While Jesus walks the waves.

Sail - ing, sail - ing, to reach a glorious home, Tho' storms assail we dare the gale, For Je - sus bids us come.
Sail - ing, sail - ing, to find a bet- ter land, No wind that blows our hope o'erthrows, While Christ waits on the strand.
Sail - ing, sail - ing, to find a happier shore, A pathway bright shines through the night, Where friends have gone before.

CHORUS.

Sail - ing o'er the rest - less tide, Sail - - - ing thro' the gale we glide, Sail - ing, sail - ing, Sail - ing, sail - ing

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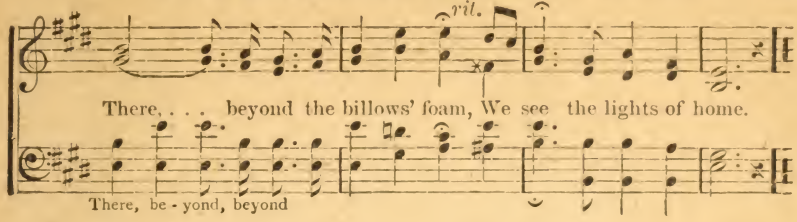
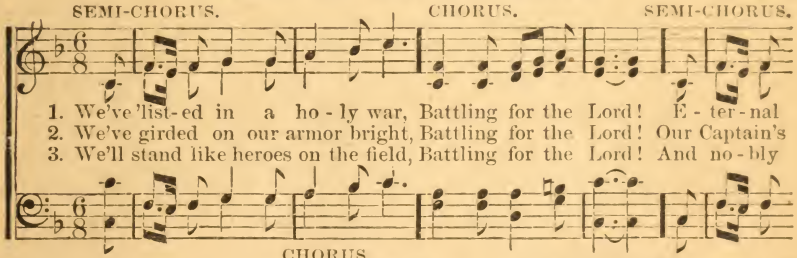
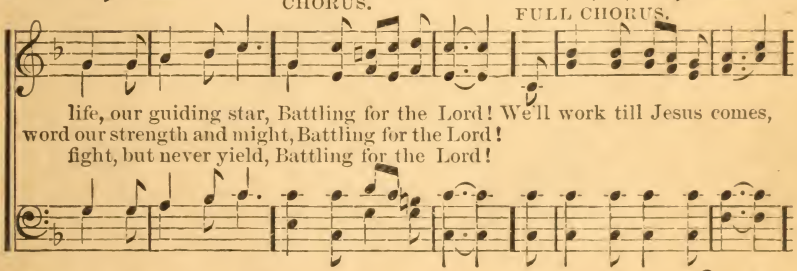
The Lights of Home.—CONCLUDED.

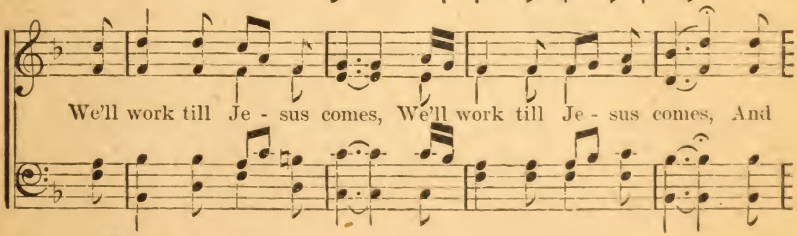


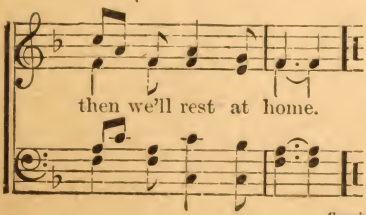
Battling for the Lord.

T. E. Perkins.









4 Though sin and death our way oppose,
Battling for the Lord!
Through grace we'll conquer all our foes,
Battling for the Lord!

5 And when our glorious war is o'er,
Battling for the Lord!
We'll shout salvation evermore,
Battling for the Lord!

Copyright by T. E. Perkins.

Anywhere With Jesus.

JESSIE H. BROWN. "I will trust and not be afraid." Isaiah xii. 2. D. B. TOWNER. By per.

1. An- ywhere with Je- sus I can safe - ly go, An- ywhere He
2. An- ywhere with Je- sus I am not a - lone, Other friends may
3. An- ywhere with Je- sus I can go to sleep, When the darkling

leads me in this world be - low. Anywhere without him, dearest
fail me, He is still my own. Tho' his hand may lead me o - ver
shadows round a- bout me creep; Knowing I shall waken nev - er

joys would fade, Anywhere with Je- sus I am not a - fraid.
drearest ways, Anywhere with Je- sus is a house of praise.
more to roam, Anywhere with Je- sus will be home, sweet home.

CHORUS.

An - y-where! an - y-where! Fear I can - not know,

An - y-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

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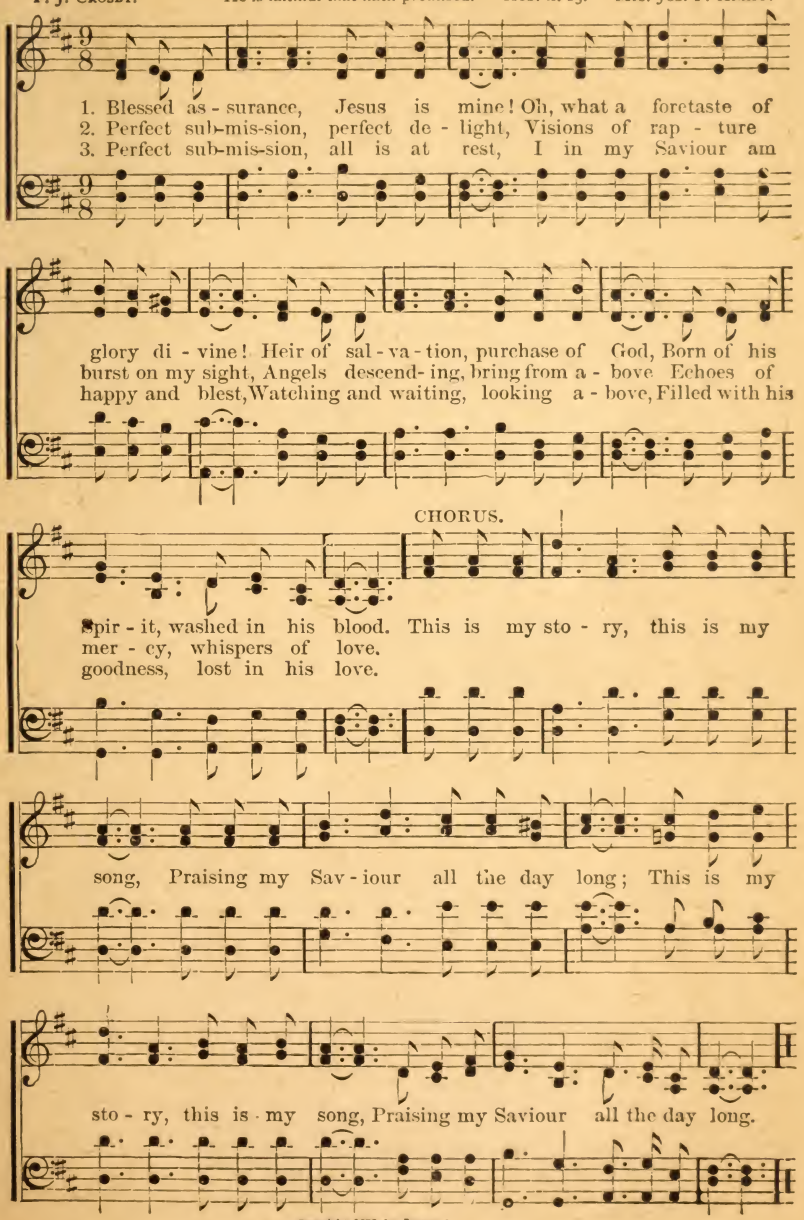
Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. "He is faithful that hath promised."—Heb. x. 23. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.



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The Child of a King.

HATTIE E. BUELL. Arr. from Melody by Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER.

1. My Father is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the
2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour from sin, Once wander'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an outcast stranger on earth, A sinner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cottage, why should I care? They're building a palace for

world in his hands! Of rubies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold His
poorest of men, But now he is reigning for- ev - er on high, And will
al - ien by birth! But I've been adopted, my name's written down,—An
me o - ver there! Tho' exiled from home, yet, still I may sing: All

CHORUS.

cof- fers are full,—he has riches untold. I'm the child of a King, The
give me a home in heaven by and by.
heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown.
glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

ad lib.

child of a King; With Je - sus my Saviour I'm the child of a King.

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Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell. By per.

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been redeemed, Of my Re-
2. I have a Christ that satis - fies, Since I have been redeemed, To do his
3. I have a Witness bright and clear, Since I have been redeemed, Dispelling
4. I have a joy I can't express, Since I have been redeemed, All thro' his
5. I have a home prepared for me, Since I have been redeemed, Where I shall

CHORUS.

deemer, Saviour King, Since I have been redeemed. Since I . . . have been re-
will my highest prize, Since I have been redeemed.
every doubt and fear, Since I have been redeemed.
blood and righteousness, Since I have been redeemed.
dwell e - ter - nal- ly, Since I have been redeemed. Since I have been redeemed, since

deemed, Since I have been redeemed, I will glory in his name, Since
I have been redeemed,

I . . . . have been redeemed, I will glory in the Saviour's name.
I have been redeemed, since I have been redeemed,

Copyright, 1884, by E. O. Excell.

Onward and Upward.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Onward still, and upward, Follow ev - ermore Where our mighty
2. Onward, ev - er onward, Thro' the pastures green, Where the streams flow
3. Upward, ev - er upward, T'ward the radiant glow, Far a - bove the

Leader Goes in love before; "Looking unto Je - sus," Reach a helping hand
softly, Under skies serene; Or, if need be, upward, O'er the rocky steep,
valley, Where the mist hangs low; On, with songs of gladness, Till the march shall end,

CHORUS.

To a struggling neighbor, Helping him to stand. Marching on - -
Trusting him who guides us, Strong to save and keep. Marching on- ward, marching
Where ten thousand thousand Hallelu- jahs blend.

ward, up - - ward, Marching steadi -ly,
onward, on - ward, Up - ward march- ing, up - ward, up- ward,

onward, Je - sus leads the way, Marching on - ward,
onward, march- ing on-ward, on- ward,

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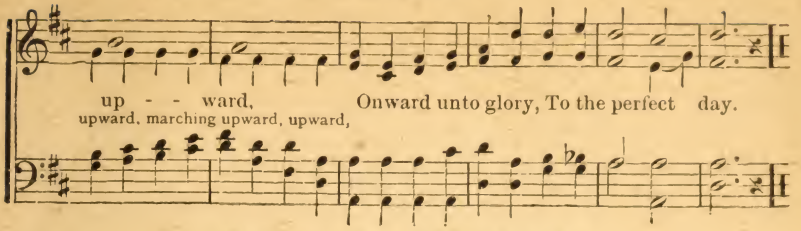
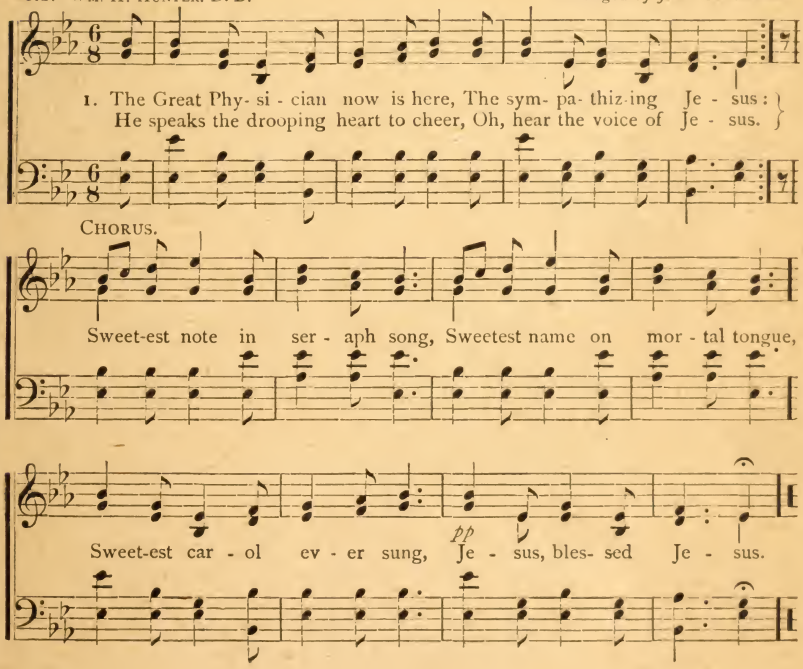
Onward and Upward.—CONCLUDED.



The Great Physician.

Rev Wm. H. Hunter, D. D. Arranged by J. H Stockton.



2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 The children too, both great and small,
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept his gracious call
To work and live for Jesus.

5 Come, brethren, help me sing his praise,
Oh, praise the name of Jesus;
Come, sisters, all your voices raise,
Oh, bless the name of Jesus.

6 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

7 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

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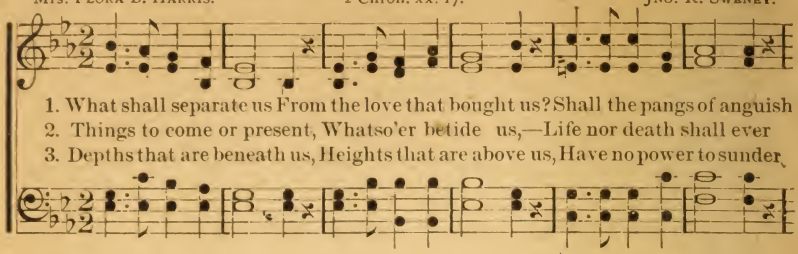
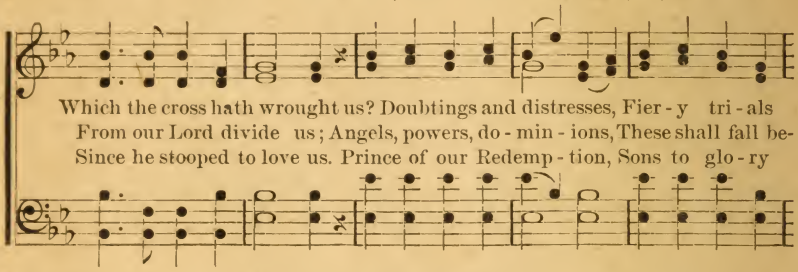
We are More than Conquerors.

"Stand ye still, and see the salvation of the Lord."
2 Chron. xx. 17.

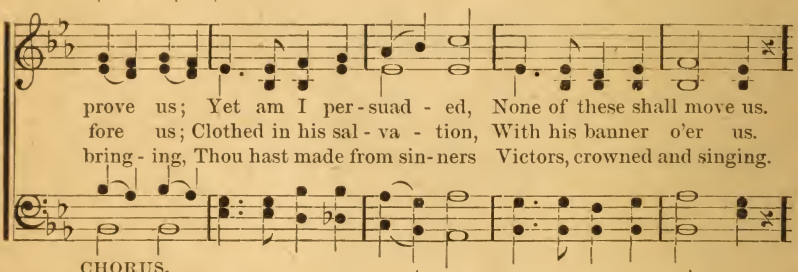
Mrs. Flora B. Harris. Jno. R. Sweney.



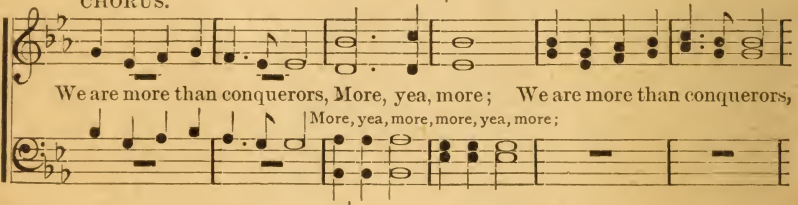
1. What shall separate us From the love that bought us? Shall the pangs of anguish
2. Things to come or present, Whatso'er betide us,—Life nor death shall ever
3. Depths that are beneath us, Heights that are above us, Have no power to sunder



Which the cross hath wrought us? Doubtings and distresses, Fier - y tri - als
From our Lord divide us; Angels, powers, do - min - ions, These shall fall be-
Since he stooped to love us. Prince of our Redemp - tion, Sons to glo - ry

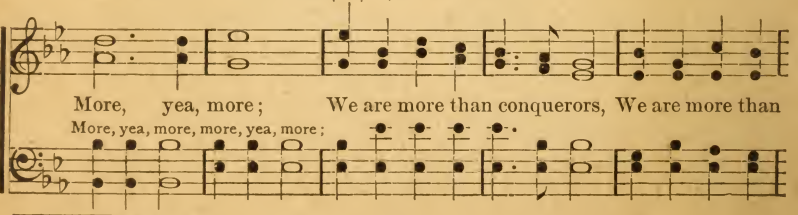


prove us; Yet am I per - suad - ed, None of these shall move us.
fore us; Clothed in his sal - va - tion, With his banner o'er us.
bring - ing, Thou hast made from sin - ners Victors, crowned and singing.



CHORUS.

We are more than conquerors, More, yea, more; We are more than conquerors,
More, yea, more, more, yea, more;



More, yea, more; We are more than conquerors, We are more than
More, yea, more, more, yea, more;

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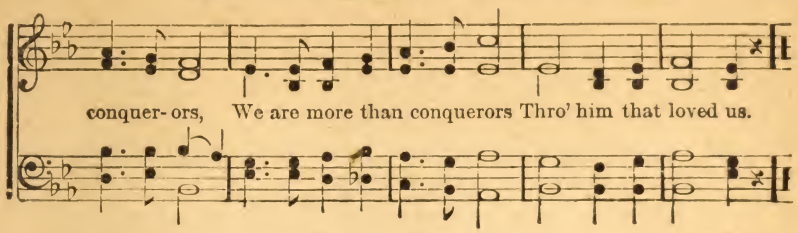
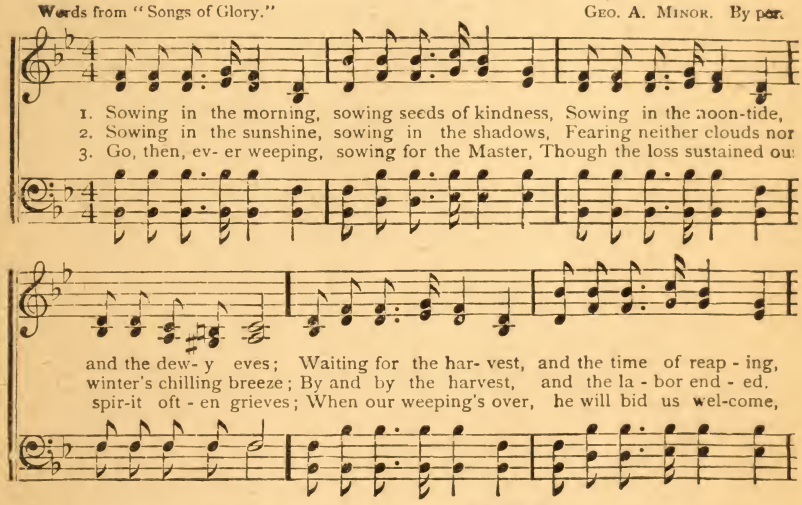
We are More, etc.—CONCLUDED.

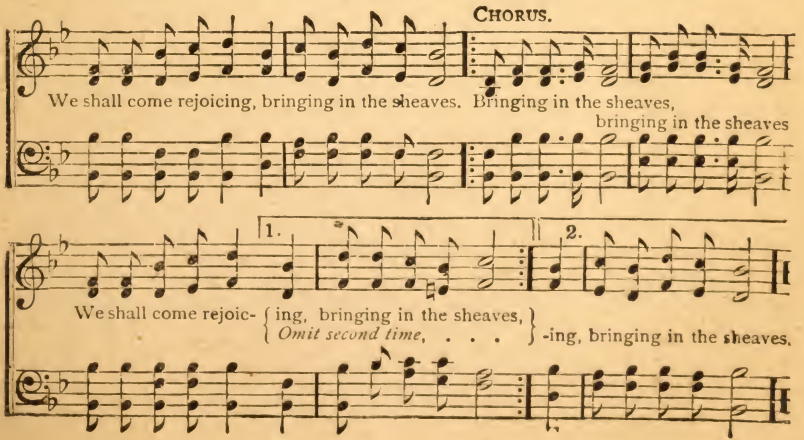


Bringing in the Sheaves.

"The harvest is the end of the world."—Matt. xiii. 39.

Words from "Songs of Glory." GEO. A. MINOR. By per.

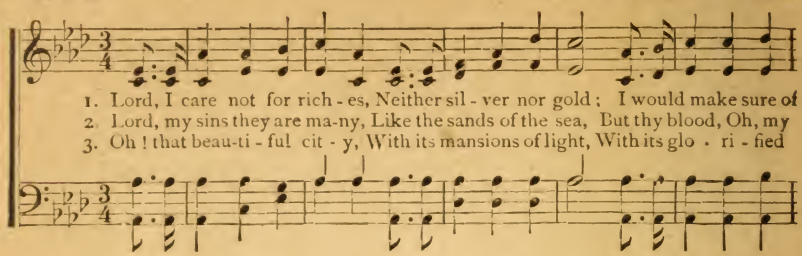




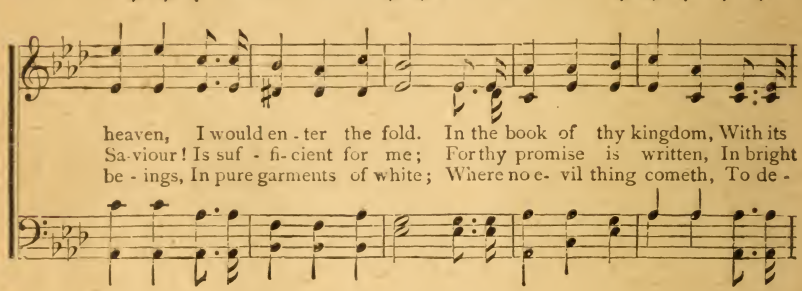
30

Is my Name written There?

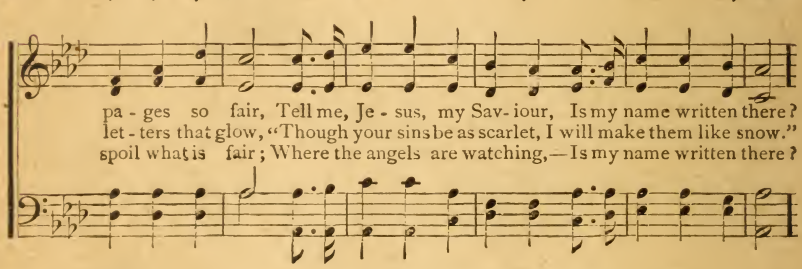
M. A. K. FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.



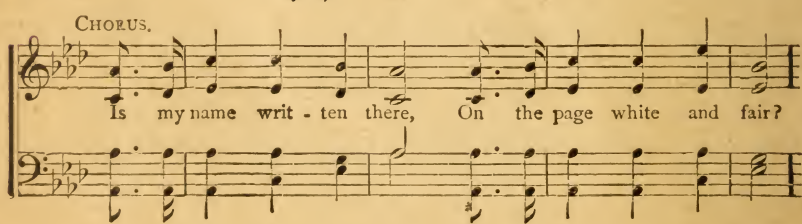
1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neither sil - ver nor gold; I would make sure of
2. Lord, my sins they are ma-ny, Like the sands of the sea, But thy blood, Oh, my
3. Oh! that beau-ti - ful cit - y, With its mansions of light, With its glo - ri - fied



heaven, I would en - ter the fold. In the book of thy kingdom, With its
Sa-viour! Is suf - fi-cient for me; For thy promise is written, In bright
be - ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e- vil thing cometh, To de -

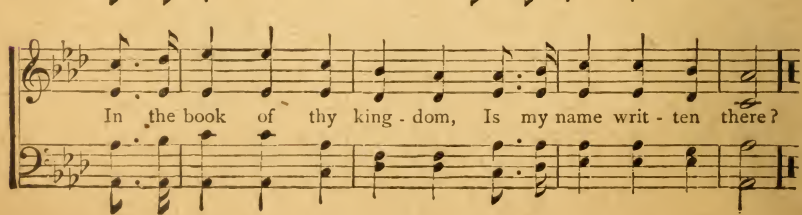


pa - ges so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav-iour, Is my name written there?
let - ters that glow, "Though your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."
spoil what is fair; Where the angels are watching,—Is my name written there?



CHORUS.

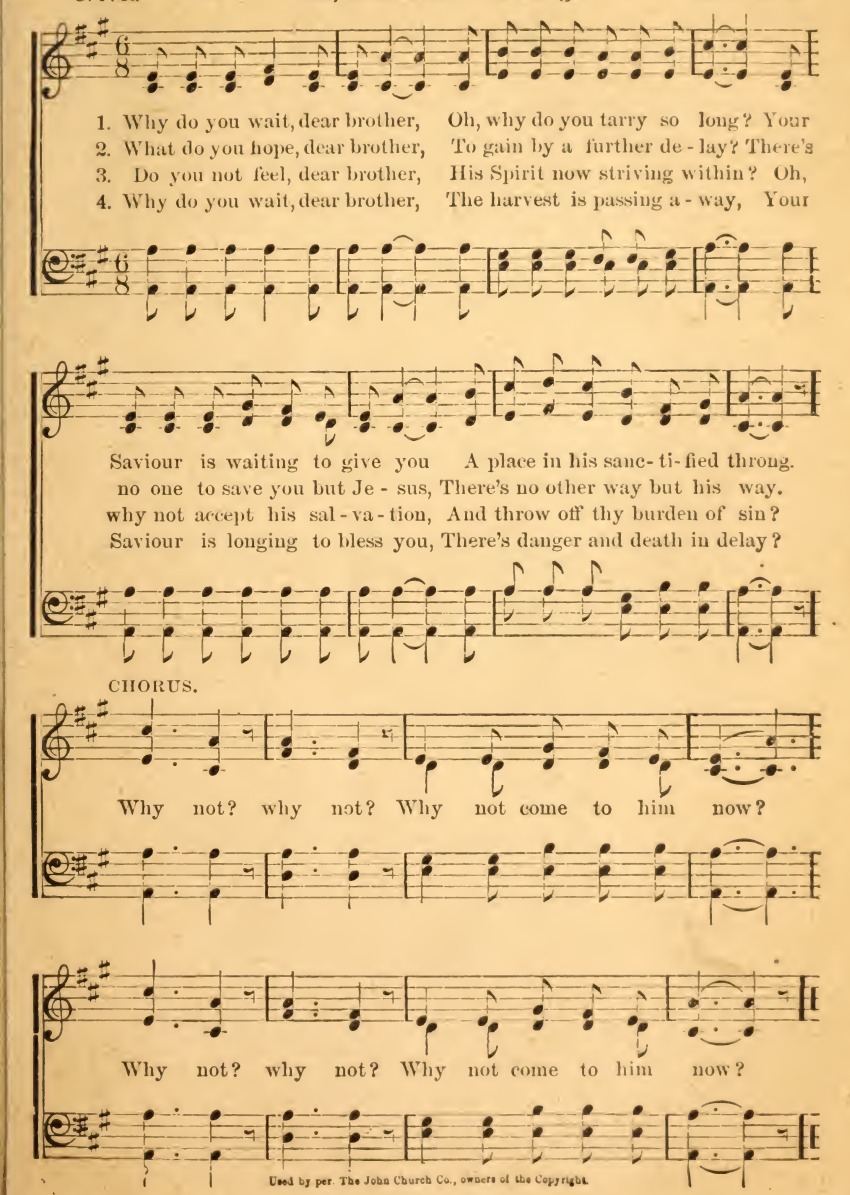
Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?



In the book of thy king - dom, Is my name writ - ten there?

Why do You Wait?

G. F. R. "Arise, he calleth thee."—Mark x. 49. Geo. F. Root.



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The Whole Wide World.

Rev. J Demster Hammond — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. The whole wide world for Jesus, This shall our watchword be, Upon the highest
2. The whole wide world for Jesus, Inspires us with the thought That ev'ry son of
3. The whole wide world for Jesus, The marching order sound, Go ye and preach the
4. The whole wide world for Jesus, In the Father's home above Are many wondrous

mountain, Down by the widest sea. The whole wide world for Je - sus, To
Adam Hath by the blood been bought. The whole wide world for Jesus, O
gos - pel Wherev - er man is found. The whole wide world for Je - sus, Our
mansions, Mansions of light and love. The whole wide world for Je - sus, Ride

him all men shall bow, In ci - ty or on prairie, The world for Jesus now.
faint not by the way! The cross shall surely conquer In this our glorious day.
banner is unfurled, We bat- tle now for Jesus, And faith demands the world.
forth, O conquering king, Thro' all the mighty nations, The world to glory bring.

CHORUS.

The whole wide world, the whole wide world, Proclaim the gos - pel

tid- ings thro' the whole wide world, Lift up the cross for Je - sus, His

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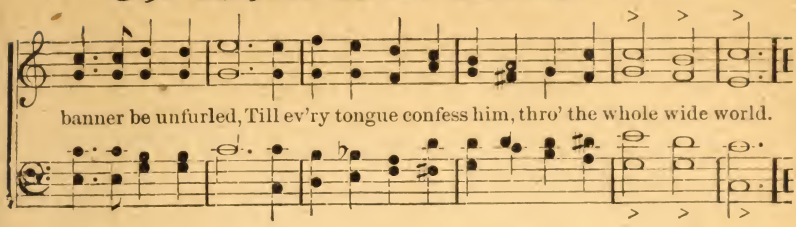
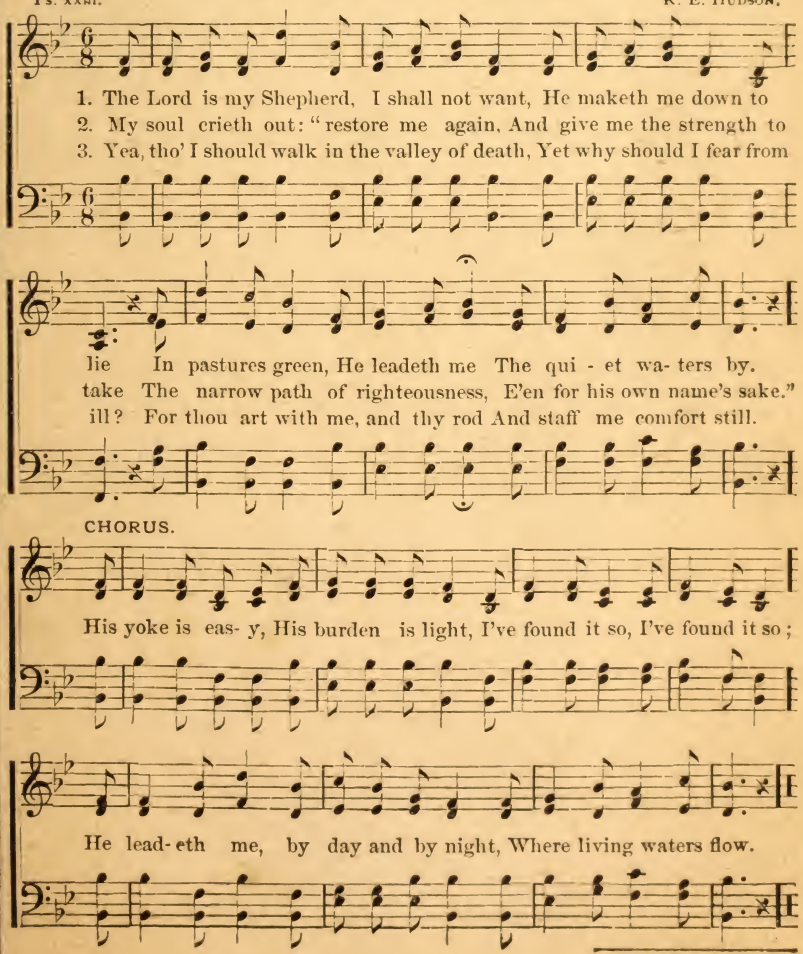
The Whole Wide World.—CONCLUDED.



His Yoke is Easy.

Ps. xxiii. R. E. HUDSON.



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What will You do?

F. G. Burroughs. Adam Geibel.

1. What will you do with the King called Jesus? Many are waiting to
2. What will you do for the King called Jesus, He who for you left his
3. What will you do with the King called Jesus,—Who will submit to his

hear you say,—Some have despised him, rejecting his mercy, What will you
throne above, Here 'mid the low-ly and sin-ful to la-bor, Dail-y un-
gentle sway? Where are the hearts ready now to enthrone him? Who will his

do with your King to-day? What can you witness concerning his goodness,
folding his Father's love. Look on the fields white already to harvest,
kind commands obey? Come with your ointments most costly and precious,

Who died to save you from sin's bitter thrall? Who will declare him the
Who now is willing to toil with the few? What will you do for the
Pour out yonr gifts at the dear Saviour's feet; Render to him all your

fair-est of thousands? Who now will crown him the Lord of all?
dear Saviour, Je-sus? Lo, he is waiting, he calls for you!
loy-al de-vo-tion; Seek to ex-alt him by prais-es meet.

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What will You Do?—CONCLUDED. 107

CHORUS. *Voices in unison.*

What will you do with the King called Jesus? What, oh, what will you do with Jesus?

Voices in parts.

He waits to bless all who humbly confess Faith in his blood and righteousness.

Consecration.

Mrs Mary D. James. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1. My bo-dy, soul, and spirit, Jesus, I give to thee, A con-secrat-ed
2. O Jesus, mighty Saviour, I trust in thy great name, I look for thy sal-
3. Oh, let the fire, descending Just now upon my soul, Consume my humble
4. I'm thine, O blessed Jesus, Wash'd by thy precious blood, Now seal me by thy

REFRAIN.

offering, Thine ev-ermore to be. My all is on the al-tar, I'm
va-tion, Thy promise now I claim.
offering, And cleanse and make me whole.
Spir-it, A sac-rifice to God.

rit.

waiting for the fire; Waiting, waiting, waiting, I'm waiting for the fire.

From "Notes of Joy," by per.

36

Wonderful Love of Jesus. 11

"The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."
Eph. iii. 19.

E. D. Mund. E. S. Lorenz.

1. In vain in high and ho-ly lays My soul her grateful voice would raise; Fo
2. A joy by day, a peace by night, In storms a calm, in darkness light; In
3. My hope for pardon when I call, My trust for lift-ing when I fall; In

who can sing the worthy praise Of the won-derful love of Je-sus?
pain a balm, in weakness might, Is the won-derful love of Je-sus.
life, in death, my all in all, Is the won-derful love of Je-sus.

CHORUS.

Won-derful love! won-derful love! Won-der-ful love of Je-sus!

Wonder-ful love! won-derful love! Wonder-ful love of Je-sus!

From "Holy Voices," by per.

37

Jesus Saves.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Spread the glad - ness all a- round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
By his death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Bear the news to ev' - ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves.
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, E - cho back, ye o - cean caves,
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High- est hills and deepest caves,

Onward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

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Trust and Obey.

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.

1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of his word, What a glory he
2. Not a shadow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But his smile quickly
3. Not a burden we bear, Not a sorrow we share, But our toil he doth

sheds on our way! While we do his good will, He a-bides with us
drives it a-way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a

CHORUS.

still, And with all who will trust and o-bey. Trust and o-bey, For there's
tear Can a-bide while we trust and o-bey.
cross, But is blest if we trust and o-bey.

no oth-er way To be hap-py in Je-sus But to trust and o-bey.

4 But we never can prove
The delights of his love
Until all on the altar we lay,
For the favor he shows,
And the joy he bestows,
Are for all who will trust and obey.

5 Then in fellowship sweet
We will sit at his feet,
Or we'll walk by his side in the way;
What he says we will do,
Where he sends we will go,
Never fear, only trust and obey.

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The Saviour with me.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.

1. I must have the Saviour with me, For I dare not walk alone, I must
2. I must have the Saviour with me, For my faith, at best, is weak; He can
3. I must have the Saviour with me In the onward march of life, Thro' the
4. I must have the Saviour with me, And his eye the way must guide, Till I

CHORUS.

feel his presence near me, And his arm around me thrown. Then my
whisper words of comfort That no oth - er voice can speak.
tempest and the sunshine, Thro' the bat - tle and the strife.
reach the vale of Jordan, Till I cross the roll- ing tide.

soul shall fear no ill, Let him lead me where he will,
Then my soul shall fear no ill, fear no ill, Let him lead me where he will, where he will,

I will go without a mur- mur, And his foot-steps follow still.
I will go

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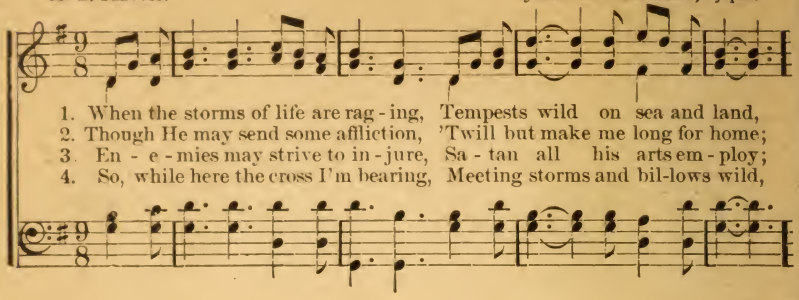
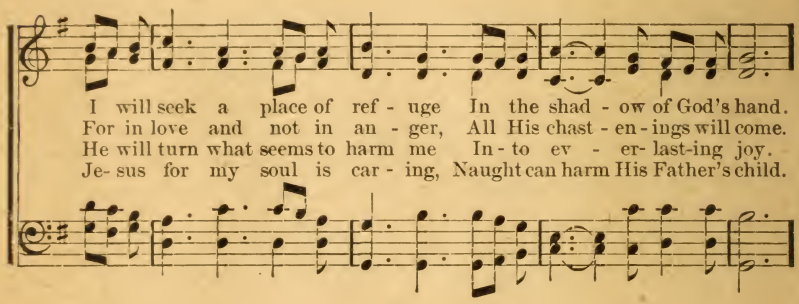
He will Hide Me.

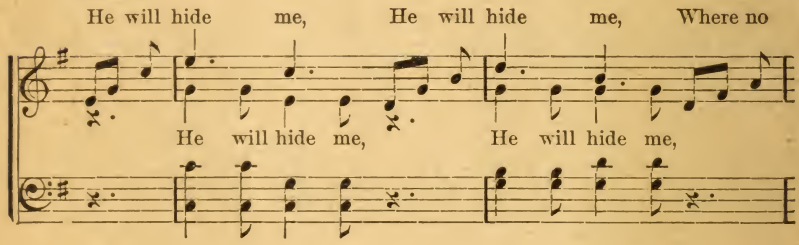
"In the shadow of his hand hath he hid me."—Isa. 49: 2.

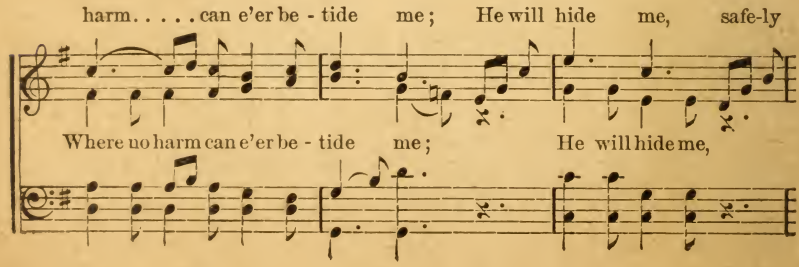
M. E. Servoss. James McGranahan, by per.





CHORUS.





He will Hide Me.—CONCLUDED.

hide me In the shad - - ow of His hand.

safe - ly hide me In the shad - ow of His hand.

In the Hour of Trial.

"I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not."

JAMES MONTGOMERY. SPENCER LANE.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je-sus, plead for me; Lest by base de-ni - al
2. With forbidden pleasures Would this vain world charm; Or its sordid treasures
3. Should Thy mercy send me Sorrow, toil, and woe; Or should pain attend me
4. When my last hour cometh, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust returneth

I depart from Thee, When Thou see'st me waver, With a look re-
Spread to work me harm; Bring to my remembrance Sad Geth-sem-a-
On my path be - low: Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy hand to
To the dust a - gain; On Thy truth re-ly - ing, Through that mortal

call, Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf-fer me to fall.
ne, Or, in dark- er semblance, Cross-crowned Calvary.
see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
strife, Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e- ter- nal life.

A- men.

Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. E. O. Excell.

1. There's a stranger at the door, Let him in,
2. O-pen now to him your heart, Let him in,
3. Hear you now his lov-ing voice? Let him in,
4. Now admit the heavenly Guest, Let him in,

Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in,

He has been there oft be - fore, Let him in;
If you wait he will de - part, Let him in;
Now, oh, now make him your choice, Let him in,
He will make for you a feast, Let him in,

Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in,

Let him in ere he is gone, Let him in the Ho - ly One,
Let him in, he is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend,
He is stand-ing at the door, Joy to you he will re - store,
He will speak your sins for-given, And when earth ties all are riven,

Je-sus Christ, the Father's Son, Let him in.
He will keep you to the end, Let him in.
And his name you will a - dore, Let him in.
He will take you home to heaven, Let him in.

Let the Saviour in. let the Saviour in.

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Saved to the Uttermost.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Saved to the uttermost: I am the Lord's, Jesus my Saviour salvation affords,
2. Saved to the uttermost: Jesus is near, Keeping me safely, he casteth out fear;
3. Saved to the uttermost: this I can say, "Once all was darkness, but now it is day,"
4. Saved to the uttermost: cheerfully sing Loud hallelujahs to Jesus, my King;

Gives me his Spirit a witness within, Whisp'ring of pardon, and saving from sin.
Trusting his promises, how I am blest! Leaning upon him, how sweet is my rest!
Beauti- ful vis- ions of glo- ry I see, Je- sus in brightness revealed unto me.
Ransom'd and pardon'd, redeemed by his blood, Cleansed from unrighteousness, glory [to God!

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CHORUS.

Saved, saved, saved to the uttermost, Saved, saved by pow- er di- vine;

Saved, saved, saved to the uttermost, Je - sus the Saviour is mine.

God be with You.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."
Rom. xvi. 20.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet again, By his counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath his wings securely hide you;
3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you;

With his sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet again.
Dai - ly manna still provide you, God be with you till we meet again.
Put his arms unfailing round you, God be with you till we meet again.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.

CHORUS.

Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, till we meet;

Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

From "Gospel Bells," by per.

Always Abounding.

"Always abounding in the work of the Lord."—1 Cor. xv. 58.

E. A. Barnes. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Be earnest, my brothers, in word and in deed, Be active in reaping and
2. Be ready, my brothers, his call to o-bey, In seeking the erring and
3. Be zealous, my brothers, the light to extend, And unto all nations the

sow- ing the seed; And thus in the vineyard, with Je- sus to lead, Be
show-ing the way; And thus as his servants, remem - ber, we pray, Be
gos - pel to send; And thus, till the harvest in glo - ry shall end, Be

REFRAIN.

always abounding in the work of the Lord. Be always abounding in the

work of the Lord, Be always abounding in the work of the Lord; Be earnest, be

active, re- lying on his word, Be always abounding in the work of the Lord.

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Though Your Sins be as Scarlet. 161

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isaiah i. 18.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. By per.

DUET. *Gently.* | 1st. | 2nd.

1. "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, return ye unto God! to God!
3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red . . . . like crimson, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great . . . compassion, And of wondrous love;
"Look un- to me, . . . ye people," Saith the Lord your God;

Tho' they be red

DUET. *p* QUARTET. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scarlet, Tho' your sins be as scarlet,
Hear the voice that entreats you, Hear the voice that entreats you,
He'll forgive your transgressions, He'll forgive your transgressions,

p ritard.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
Oh, return ye un - to God! Oh, return ye un - to God!
And remem - ber them no more, And remem - ber them no more.

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It is Well with My Soul.

H. G. Spafford. "He hath delivered my soul in peace."—Ps. lv. 18 P. P. Bliss.

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sorrows, like sea - bil - lows, roll; What - ev - er my lot, thou hast taught me to say, It is well, it is well with my soul. It is well . . . . . with my soul, ... It is well, it is well with my soul.

2. Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come, Let this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es - tate, And hath shed his own blood for my soul.

3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glo - rious thought—My sin—not in part, but the whole, Is nailed to his cross and I bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul! It is well with my soul.

4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled back as a scroll, The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall de - scend, "Ev - en so"—it is well with my soul.

CHORUS.

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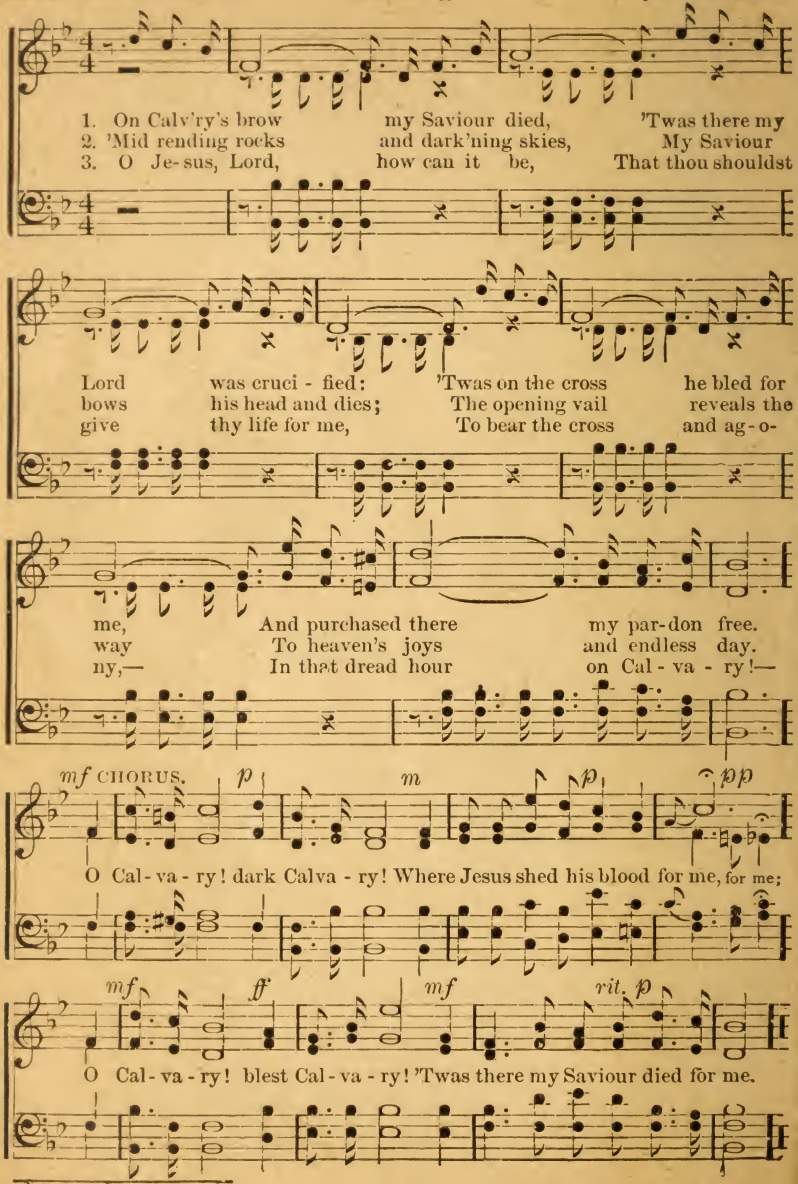
Calvary.

"The place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him."

Rev. W. M'K. Darwood. Luke xxiii. 33. Jno. R. Sweney.



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Leaning on Jesus.

Rev. W. F. Crafts. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Wea-ry with walking a - lone, Long heav-y - laden with sin;
2. Fearing to stand for my Lord, Trembling for weakness in prayer;

Toil-ing all night with-out Christ,—Rest for my soul shall I win,
Yet on the bo - som di - vine Los - ing each sor-row and fear,

Chorus.

Lean - ing on Je - sus, I walk - at his side; . .
Leaning on Je- sus, in him I a - bide, Leaning on Je - sus, I walk at his side;

Lean - - ing on Je - - sus, I trust him, my Shepherd and Guide.
Leaning on Je- sus, what-ev- er be - tide,

3 Anxious no longer for self,
Shrinking no longer from pain,
Leaning on Jesus alone,
He all my care will sustain.

4 Leaning, I walk in "the way,"
Leaning, "the truth" I shall know;
Leaning on heart-throbs of Christ,
Safe into "life" I may go.

From "Leaflet Gems," by permission of John J. Hood.

We shall Know.

ANNIE HERBERT. J. H. ANDERSON.

1. When the mists have roll'd in splendor From the beau- ty of the hills,
2. If we err in hu- man blindness, And for- get that we are dust;
3. When the mists have risen a- bove us, As our Fa - ther knows his own,

And the sun-shine, warm and tender, Falls in kiss - es on the rills,
If we miss the law of kindness When we struggle to be just,
Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known;

We may read love's shining let- ter In the rain- bow of the spray,—
Snowy wings of peace shall cov- er All the plain that hides a - way,—
Love, be - yond the o - rient meadows Floats the gold-en fringe of day,

We shall know each oth- er bet - ter When the mists have cleared a - way.
When the wea- ry watch is o - ver, And the mists have cleared a - way.
Heart to heart, we bide the shadows, Till the mists have cleared a - way.

CHORUS.

We shall know . . as we are known, . . Never more . . to walk a -
We shall know as we are known, Never-more

From "The Welcome," by per. of Messrs. S. Brainard's Sons.

We shall Know.—CONCLUDED.

lone, In the dawn - - ing of the morn- ing, When the
to walk a- lone, In the dawn-ing of the morn - ing.

mists . . have cleared away; In the dawn - - ing of the
When the mists have cleared away; In the dawning

morn - ing, When the mists . . . have cleared a- way.
When the mists have cleared away.

Must Jesus Bear the Cross.

THOMAS SHEPHERD. Alt. Tune, MAITLAND. C. M.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

He will Gather the Wheat.

HARRIET B. M'KEEVER. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When Je- sus shall gather the na - tions Be- fore him at last to ap- pear,
2. Shall we hear, from the lips of the Saviour, The words, 'Faithful servant, well done;'
3. He will smile when he looks on his children, And sees on the ransomed his seal;

Then how shall we stand in the judgment, When summoned our sentence to hear?
Or, trembling with fear and with anguish, Be banished away from his throne.
He will clothe them in heavenly beau - ty, As low at his footstool they kneel.

CHORUS.

He will gather the wheat in his gar - ner, But the chaff will he scatter a-way;

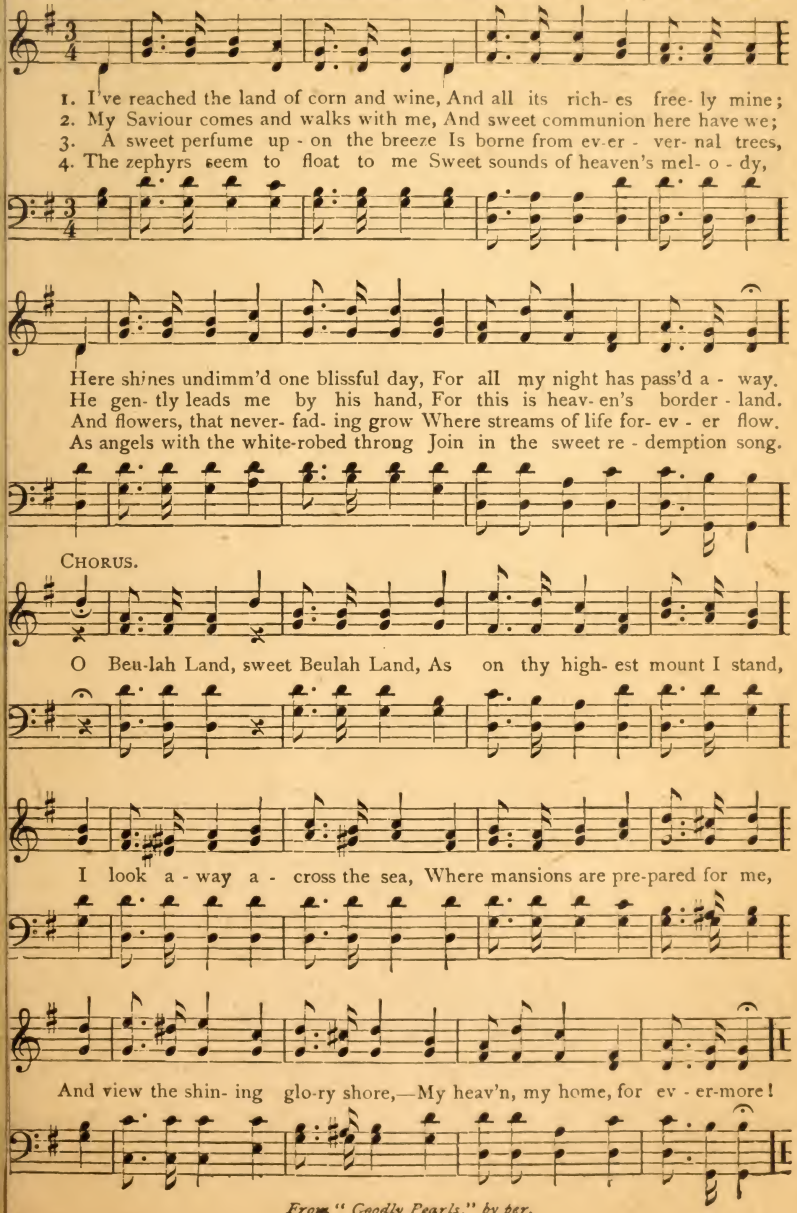
Then how shall we stand in the judgment, Oh, how shall it be in that day?

4 Then let us be watching and waiting,—
Our lamps burning steady and bright,—
When the Bridegroom shall call to the wed-
Our spirits made ready for flight. [ding

5 Thus living with hearts fixed on Jesus,
In patience we wait for the time,
When, the days of our pilgrimage ended,
We'll bask in his presence divine

Beulah Land.

EDGAR PAGE. *"He shall give thee the desires of thine heart."* JNO. R. SWENEY.

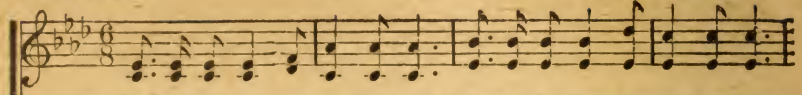


From "Goodly Pearls," by per.

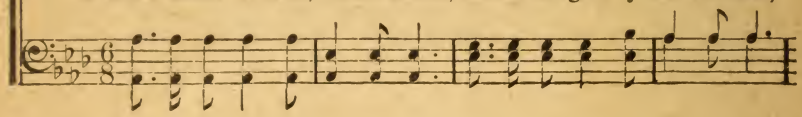
54

More about Jesus.

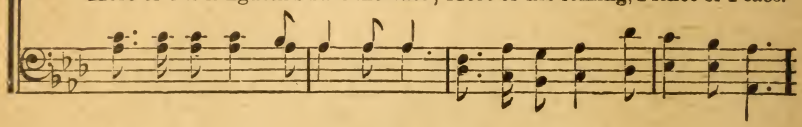
E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.



1. More about Je-sus would I know, More of his grace to oth-ers show;
2. More about Je-sus let me learn, More of his ho - ly will discern;
3. More about Je-sus; in his word, Holding communion with my Lord;
4. More about Je-sus; on his throne, Riches in glo - ry all his own;



More of his sav-ing ful-ness see, More of his love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teacher be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
Hearing his voice in ev - 'ry line, Making each faithful say-ing mine.
More of his kingdom's sure increase; More of his coming, Prince of Peace.



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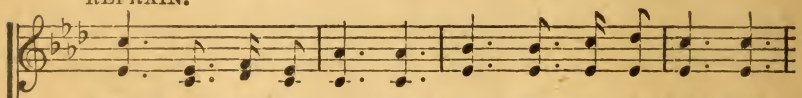
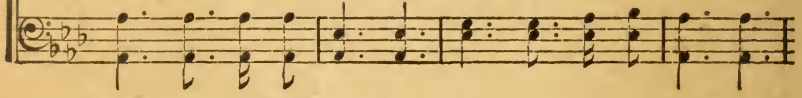
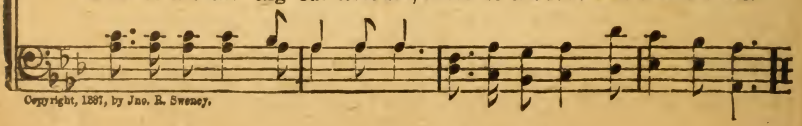


More, more a-bout Je - sus, More, more a-bout Je - sus;



More of his sav-ing ful-ness see, More of his love who died for me.



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Oh, Where are the Reapers?

EBEN E. REXFORD. GEO. F. ROOT.

Moderato.

1. Oh, where are the reap - ers that gar - ner in The sheaves of the
2. Go out in the by - ways and search them all; The wheat may be
3. The fields all are ripe - ning, and far and wide The world now is
4. So come with your sick - les, ye sons of men, And gath - er to-

good from the fields of sin; With sickles of truth must the work be done,
there, tho' the weeds are tall; Then search in the highway, and pass none by,
wait - ing the harvest - tide: But reapers are few, and the work is great,
geth - er the gold - en grain; Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come,

CHORUS.

And no one may rest till the "harvest home." Where are the reapers! oh,
But gath - er from all for the home on high.
And much will be lost should the harvest wait.
Then share ye his joy in the "harvest home."

who will come And share in the glo - ry of the "harvest home?" Oh,

who will help us to gar - ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

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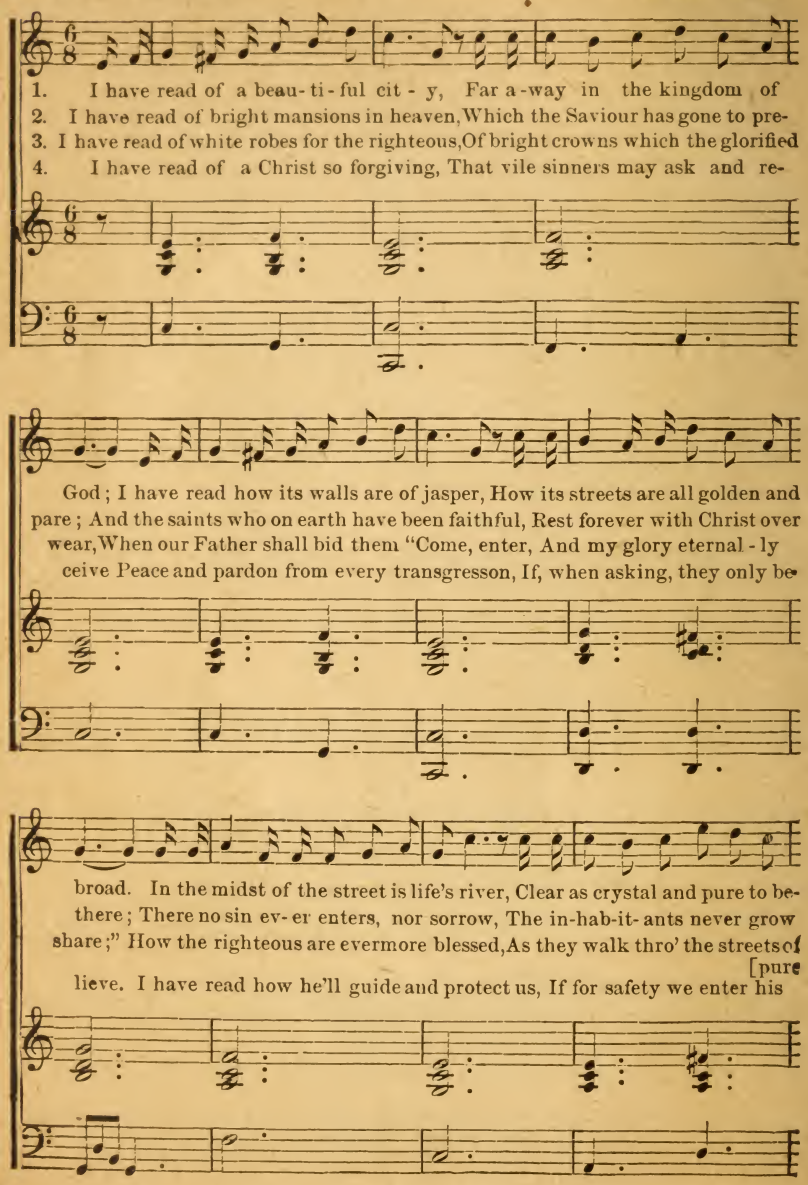
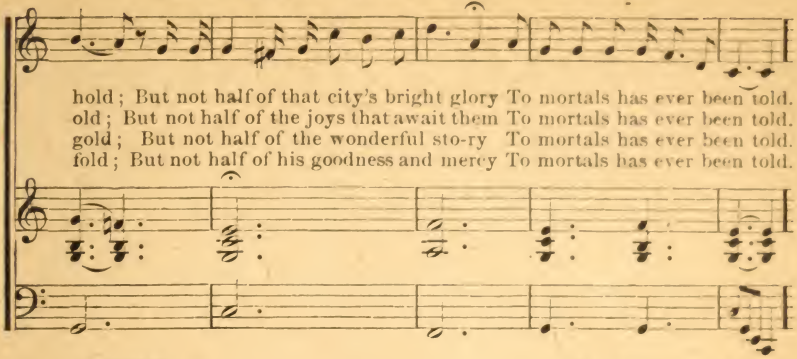
Not Half has ever been Told.

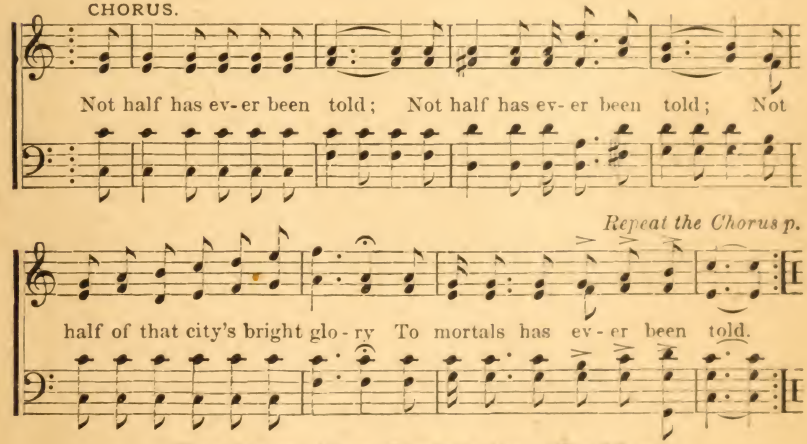
"And the building of the wall it was of jasper; and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass."—Rev. 21. 18.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. O. F. Presbrey. By per.



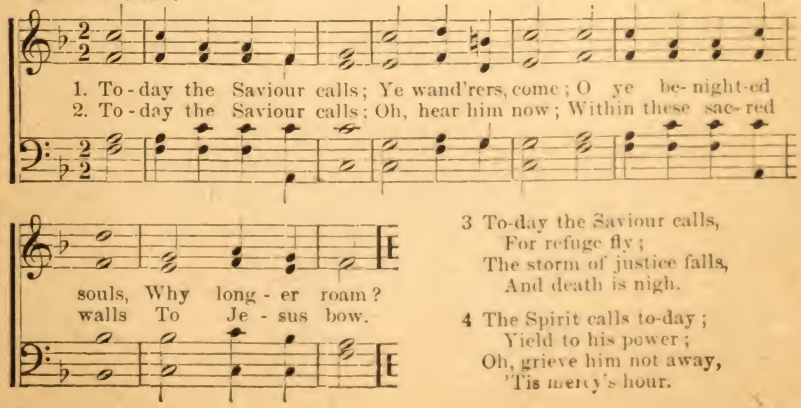
Not Half has, etc.—CONCLUDED.





To-day the Saviour Calls.

SALLIE F. SMITH. LOWELL MASON.



3 To-day the Saviour calls,
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

Mrs. Albert Smith. S. J. Vail. By per.

1. Let us gather up the sunbeams Lying all a- round our path; Let us keep the wheat and roses, Casting out the thorns and chaff. Let us find our sweetest comfort In the blessings of to- day, With a patient hand re- moving All the bri- ars from the way. Then scatter seeds of kindness, Then scatter seeds of kindness, Then scatter seeds of kindness, For our reap- ing by and by.

2. Strange we never prize the music Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown! Strange that we should slight the violets Till the lovely flow'rs are gone! Strange that summer skies and sunshine Never seem one half so fair, As when winter's snowy pinions Shake the white down in the air.

Chorus.

ad lib.

3 If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window-pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow,—
Never trouble us again,—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?—
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

4 Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point the memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn around our backward track!
How these little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns, but roses,
For our reaping by and by.

216 When My Saviour I Shall See.

Arr. P. H. Roblin. P. Bilhorn.

1. When my Saviour I shall see, In his glorious likeness be, Clad in robes by love supplied, Then shall I be sat- is- fied.
2. When I'm whol - ly freed from sin, Spotless, clean and pure within, Meet to stand by Je - sus' side, Then shall I be sat- is- fied.
3. When my feet shall press the shore, Trod by an - gels feet before, Near to living streams that glide, Then shall I be sat- is- fied.
4. Oh, till then be this my care, More his im - age blest to wear; More to conquer self and pride, So shall I be sat- is- fied.

CHORUS.

Sat - is - fied with love di - vine, Sat - is - fied, since Christ is mine, Ev - 'ry need in Him supplied, Then shall I be sat - is - fied.

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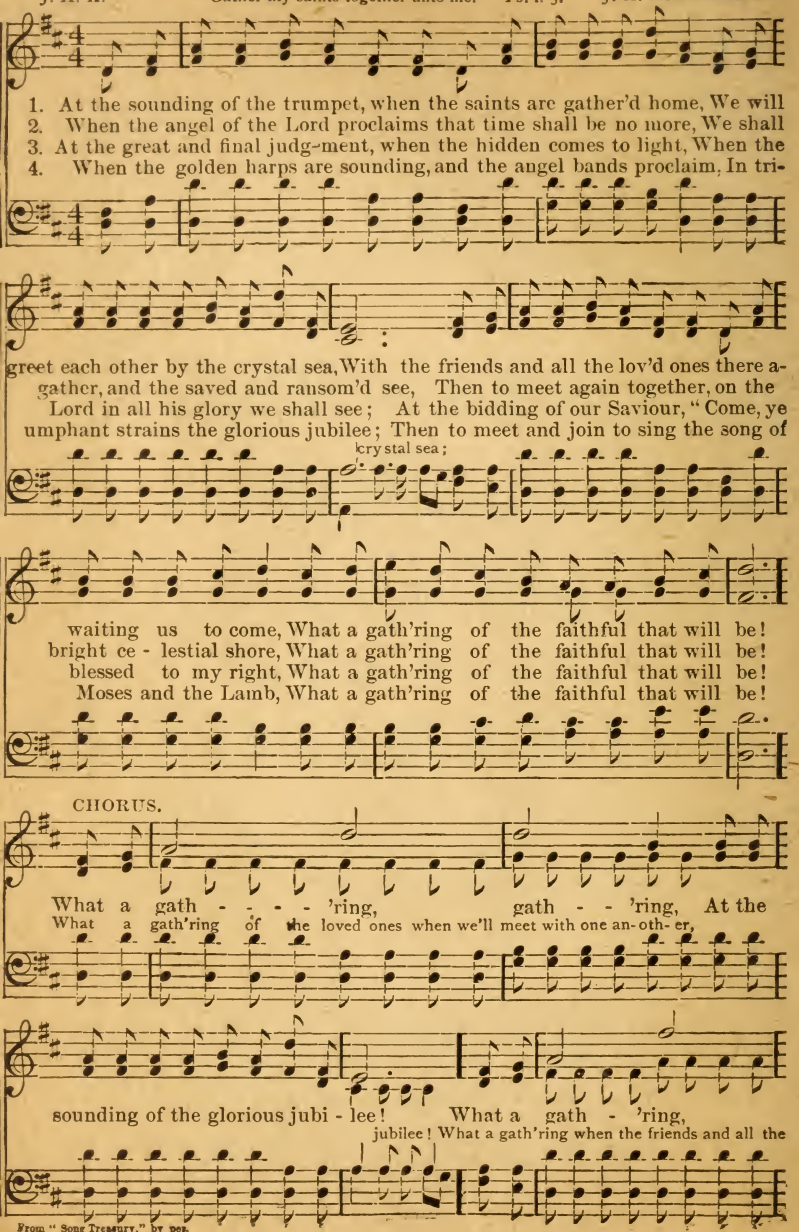
222

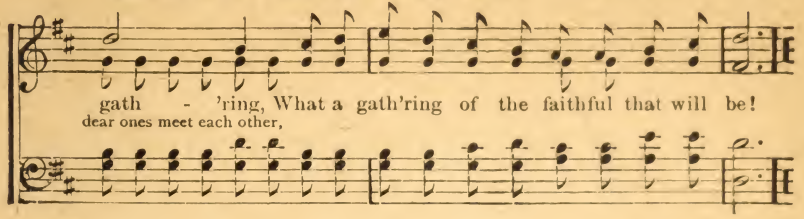
What a Gath'ring that will be.

J. H. K. "Gather my saints together unto me."—Ps. l. 5. J. H. KURZENKNABE.



From "Song Treasury," by per.

What A Gath'ring, etc.—CONCLUDED.



Hem of His Garment.

R. L. Rev. R. Lowry,

1. Weak and weary, poor and sinful, Vainly I cry; Bound and crush'd with
2. How the people press around Him, His word receive; Surely I may
3. Long my heart has felt its burden, Seeking for peace; Now, at last I

REFRAIN.

years of sorrow, What help is nigh? Let me touch the hem of His
share His blessing, I too believe.
find in Je - sus My sweet release.

garment, Let me touch the hem of His garment, Let me

touch the hem of His garment, And the touch will make me whole.

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62

"Come."

Mrs. Jas. Gibson Johnson. Jas. McGranahan. By per.

1. Oh, word of words. the sweet- est, Oh, word, in which there lie
2. O soul, why shouldst thou wander From such a lov - ing Friend?
3. Oh, each time draw me near- er, That soon the "Come" may be

All prom- ise, all ful - fill- ment, And end of mys- ter - y;
Cling clos - er, clos - er to him, Stay with him to the end,
Naught but a gen - tle whis- per, To one close, close to thee;

La- ment- ing, or re - joic- ing, With doubt or ter - or nigh,
A - las! I am so help- less, So ver - y full of sin,
Then, o - ver sea and mountain, Far from, or near my home,

I hear the "Come" of Je - sus, And to his cross I fly.
For I am ev - er wand'ring, And com - ing back a - gain.
I'll take thy hand and fol - low, At that sweet whisper "Come!"

REFRAIN.

Come, oh, come to me, . . Come, oh, come to me, . .

Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,

Wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Come, oh, come to me,

me, Oh,

Come, oh, come to me, . . Come, oh, come to me, . .

come, come, come, come, come, Come, come, come, come, come,

rit.

Wea - ry, hea - vy la - den come, oh, come to me.

Now the Day is Over.

"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep."—Ps. iv.8.

Rev. S. Baring Gould. J. Barnby.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is drawing nigh, Shadows of the
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose; With thy tenderest

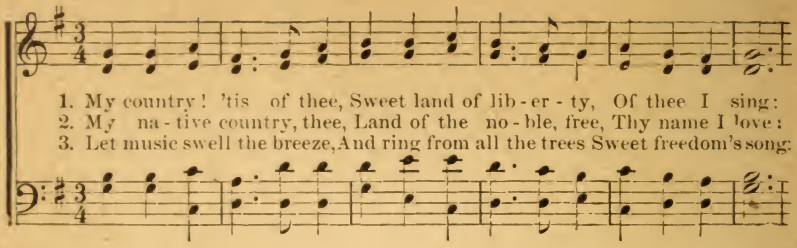
even - ing Steal across the sky.
bless - ing May our eyelids close.

3 Through the long night-watches,
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

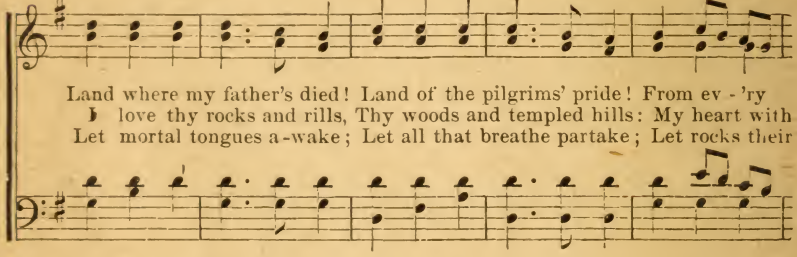
4 When the morning wakens
Then may I arise,
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

252 America.

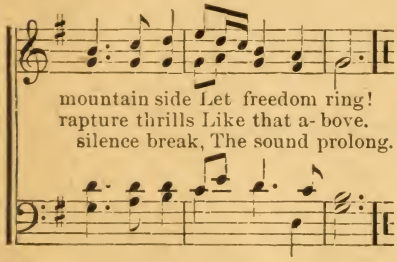
S. F. Smith.



1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing:
2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thy name I love:
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song:



Land where my father's died! Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev-'ry
I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills: My heart with
Let mortal tongues a-wake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their

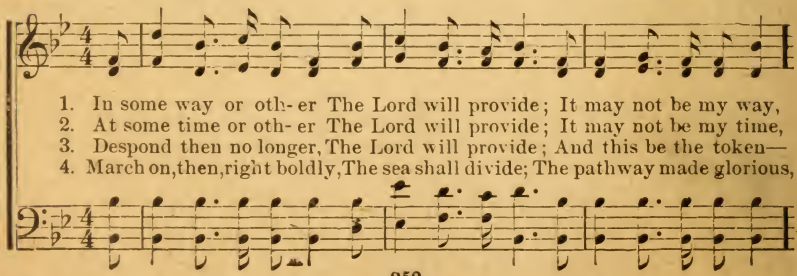


mountain side Let freedom ring!
rapture thrills Like that a-bove.
silence break, The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

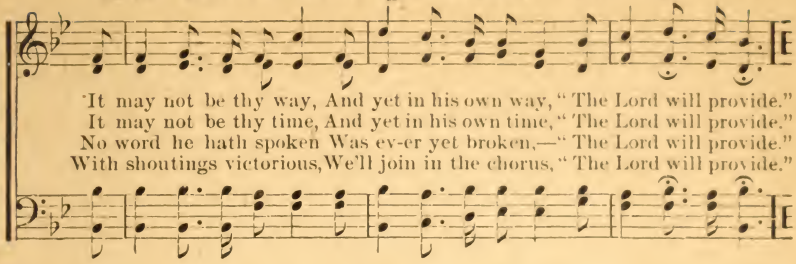
253 The Lord will Provide.

Mrs. M. A. W. Cook. C. S. Harrington. By per.



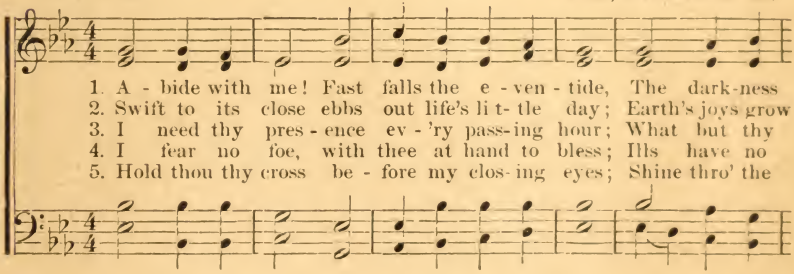
1. In some way or oth-er The Lord will provide; It may not be my way,
2. At some time or oth-er The Lord will provide; It may not be my time,
3. Despond then no longer, The Lord will provide; And this be the token—
4. March on, then, right boldly, The sea shall divide; The pathway made glorious,

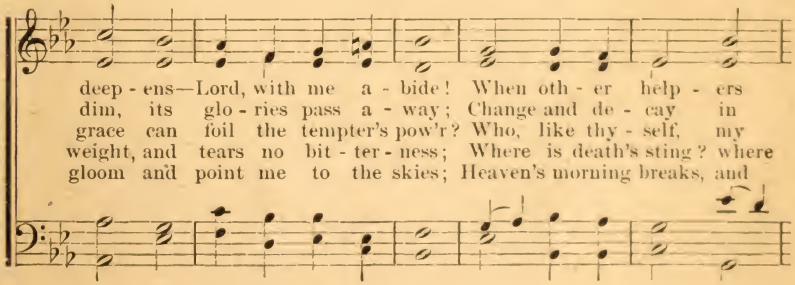
The Lord will Provide.—CONCLUDED.

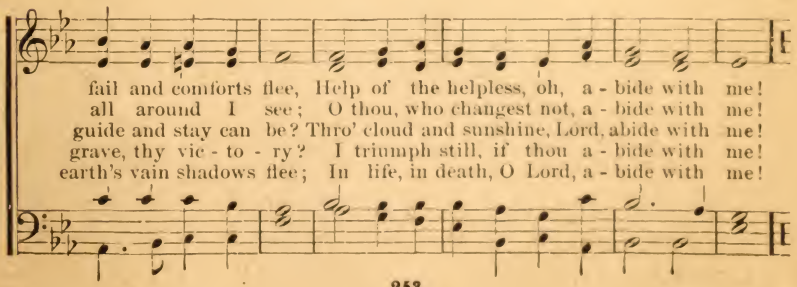


254 Abide with Me.

H. F. Lyte. Tune, EVENTIDE. 10.







262 Jesus is Mine!

"My beloved is mine."—S of Sol. ii. 16.

MRS. CATHARINE J. BONAR. T. E. PERKINS. By per.

1. Fade, fade, each earth-ly joy, Je-sus is mine! Break, ev-'ry
2. Tempt not my soul a-way, Je-sus is mine! Here would I
3. Fare-well, ye dreams of night, Je-sus is mine! Lost in this
4. Fare-well, mor-tal-i-ty, Je-sus is mine! Wel-come, e-

ten-der tie, Je-sus is mine! Dark is the wil-derness,
ev-er stay, Je-sus is mine! Per-ish-ing things of clay,
dawn-ing light, Je-sus is mine! All that my soul has tried
ter-ni-ty, Je-sus is mine! Wel-come, O loved and blest,

Earth has no resting place, Je-sus alone can bless, Je-sus is mine!
Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart away, Je-sus is mine!
Left but a dismal void, Je-sus has sat-is-fied, Je-sus is mine!
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Jesus is mine!

263 I'll Live for Him.

C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now believe thou dost receive, For thou hast died that I might live;
3. Oh, thou who died on Cal-va-ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—I'll live for him who died for me, How happy then my life shall be!

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I'll Live for Him.—CONCLUDED.

D.C.

Oh, may I ev - er faith-ful be, My Sav-iour and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Sav-iour and my God!
I con - se-crate my life to thee, My Sav-iour and my God!

I'll live for him who died for me, My Sav-iour and my God!

264 H. Bonar. **What a Friend.** C. C. Converse. By per.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!

:S: Fine.

What a priv-i-lege to car - ry Ev - 'rything to God in prayer!
D.S.—All because we do not car - ry Ev - 'rything to God in prayer!

D.S.

O what peace we oft-en for - feit, O what needless pain we bear,

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?-
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

269 Revive us again.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love,
For Jesus who died and is now gone above.

REFRAIN.

Hal-le-lujah! thine the glory; Halle-lujah! a-men! Revive us a-gain.

2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

270 While Jesus Whispers to You.

Will. E. Witter. H. R. Palmer.

1. { While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come!
{ While we are praying for you, Come, ... sin-ner, come!

{ Now is the time to own him, Come, sinner, come!
{ Now is the time to know him, Come, ... sin-ner, come!

2 Are you too heavy laden?
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will bear your burden,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will not deceive you,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus can now redeem you,
Come, sinner, come!

3 Oh, hear his tender pleading,
Come, sinner, come!
Come and receive the blessing,
Come, sinner, come!
While Jesus whispers to you,
Come, sinner, come!
While we are praying for you,
Come, sinner, come!

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271 I am Coming to the Cross.

Rev. Wm. McDonald. John vi. 37. Wm. G. Fischer. By permission.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for thee, Long has e - vil dwelt within;
3. Here I give my all to thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store;

Cho.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

D. C.

I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,— "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bo - dy thine to be,— Whol - ly thine for ev - er - more.

Humbly at thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

4 In thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied:
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in him I am;
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

272 Happy Day.

P. Doddridge. English Melody.

1. { O happy day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. } Happy

Fine. D. S.

day, happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray, And live rejoicing ev'ry day.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done! the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess that voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
With him of every good possessed.

5 High heav'n that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

273 My Jesus, as Thou wilt.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLKA. Tr. by Miss J. BORTHWICK. Tune, JEWETT. 6s.

1. My Je-sus, as thou wilt: O may thy will be mine; In-to thy
2. My Je-sus, as thou wilt: Tho' seen thro' many-a tear, Let not my
3. My Je-sus, as thou wilt: All shall be well for me; Each changing

hand of love I would my all re-sign. Thro' sor-row or thro' joy,
star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap-pear. Since thou on earth hast wept
fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with thee. Straight to my home a-bove,

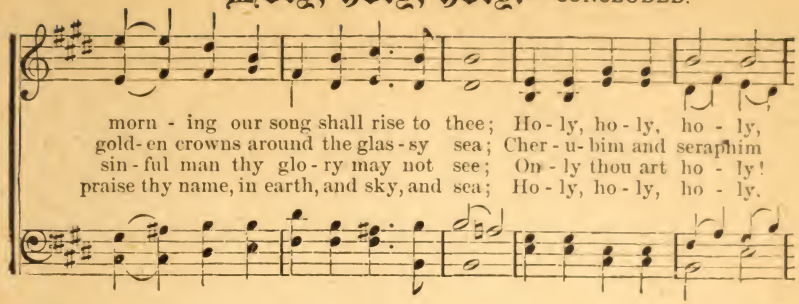
Conduct me as thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, thy will be done."
And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with thee, My Lord, thy will be done.
I trav-el calmly on, And sing in life or death, "My Lord, thy will be done."

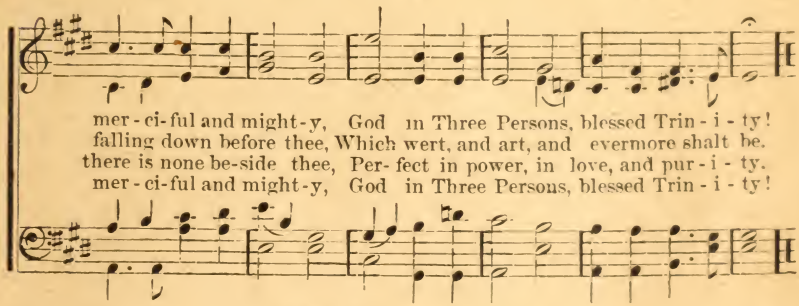
274 Holy, holy, holy.

REGINALD HEBER. Tune, NICEA. 11, 12, 10.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Almight-y! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! all the saints adore thee, Casting down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! tho' the darkness hide thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Almight-y! All thy works shall

Holy, holy, holy.—CONCLUDED.

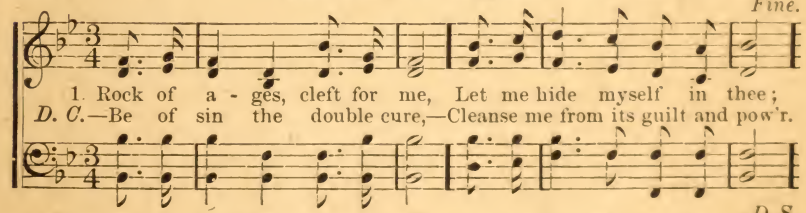


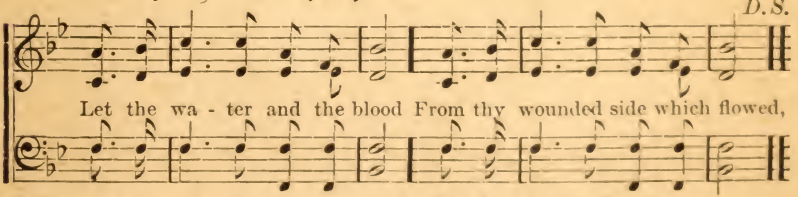


275

Rock of Ages.

Tune, TOPLADY. 7.



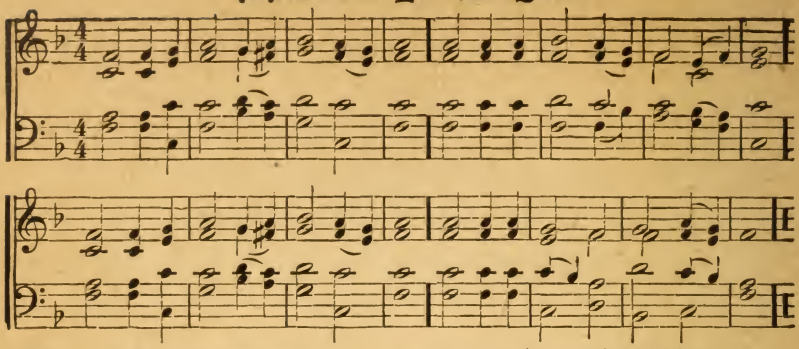


2 Not the labor of my hands,
Can fulfil the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone,—
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace,—
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgement-throne,—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Hamburg. L. M.



290 While Life Prolongs.

1 While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given,
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day,
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound;
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave:
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

291 Just as I am.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bids't me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

292 Come, Holy Spirit.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
Oh! kindle now the sacred flame,
Make me to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see;
Oh! soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

293 When I Survey.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

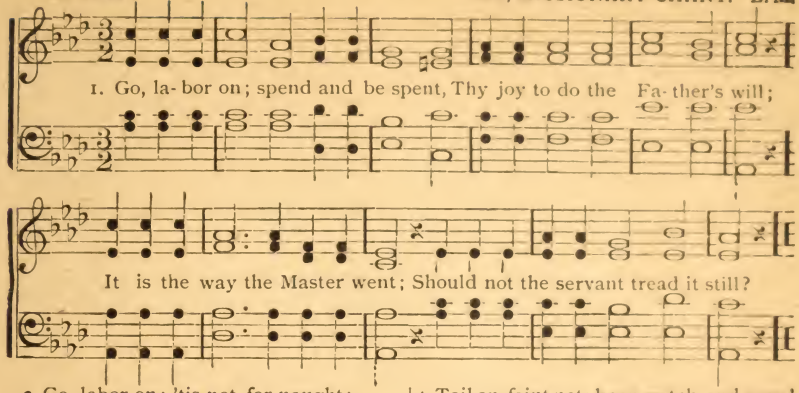
3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree,
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

294 Go, Labor On.

H. Bonar. Tune, MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.



2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?

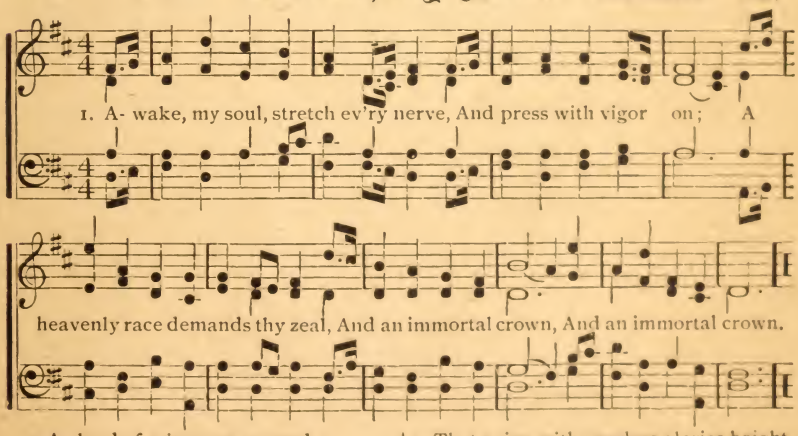
3 Go, labor on; your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

4 Toil on, faint not; keep watch, and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.

5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

295 Awake, my Soul.

P. Doddridge. Tune, CHRISTMAS. C. M.



2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:—

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

344 Jesus, the Name.

C. Wesley. Tune, CORONATION. C. M.

1. Je - sus! the name high o - ver all, In hell, or earth, or sky;
2. Je - sus! the name to sin- ners dear, The name to sin-ners given;

An - gels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.
It scat - ters all their guilt- y fear; It turns their hell to heaven.

An- gels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.
It scat-ters all their guilt- y fear; It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

345 Crown Him Lord of All. C. M.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

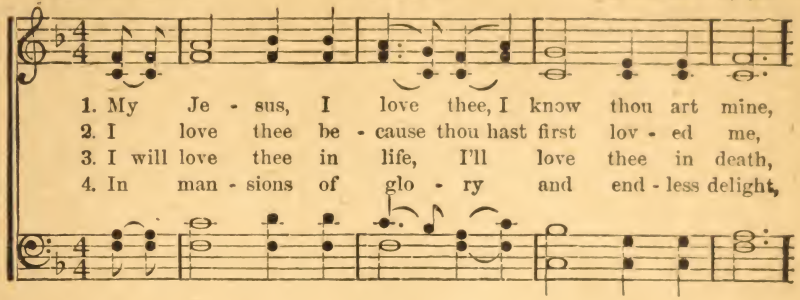
6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

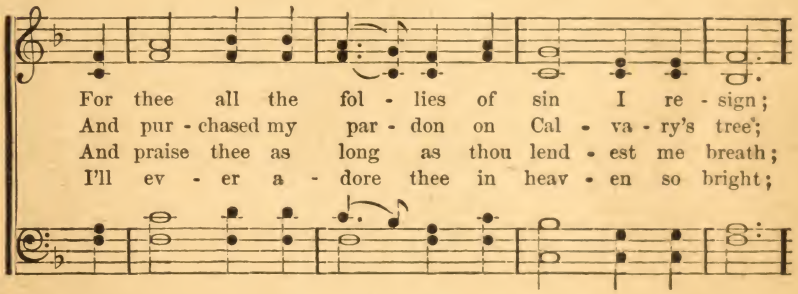
352

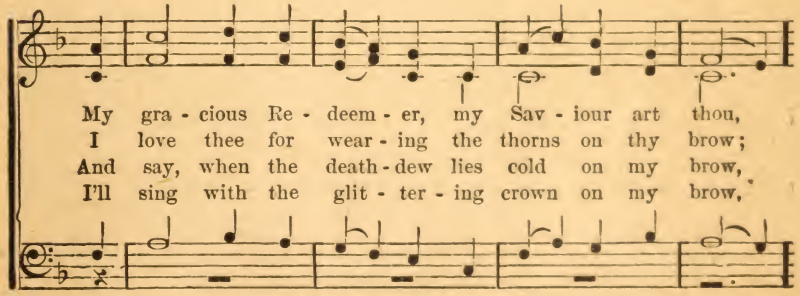
My Jesus, I Love Thee.

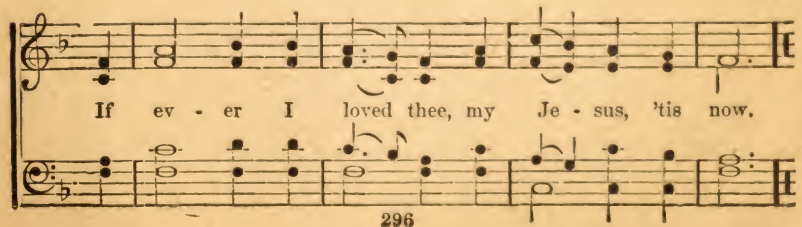
"Mine are thine and thine are mine."

"London Hymn Book." John xvii. 10. A. J. Gordon. By per.





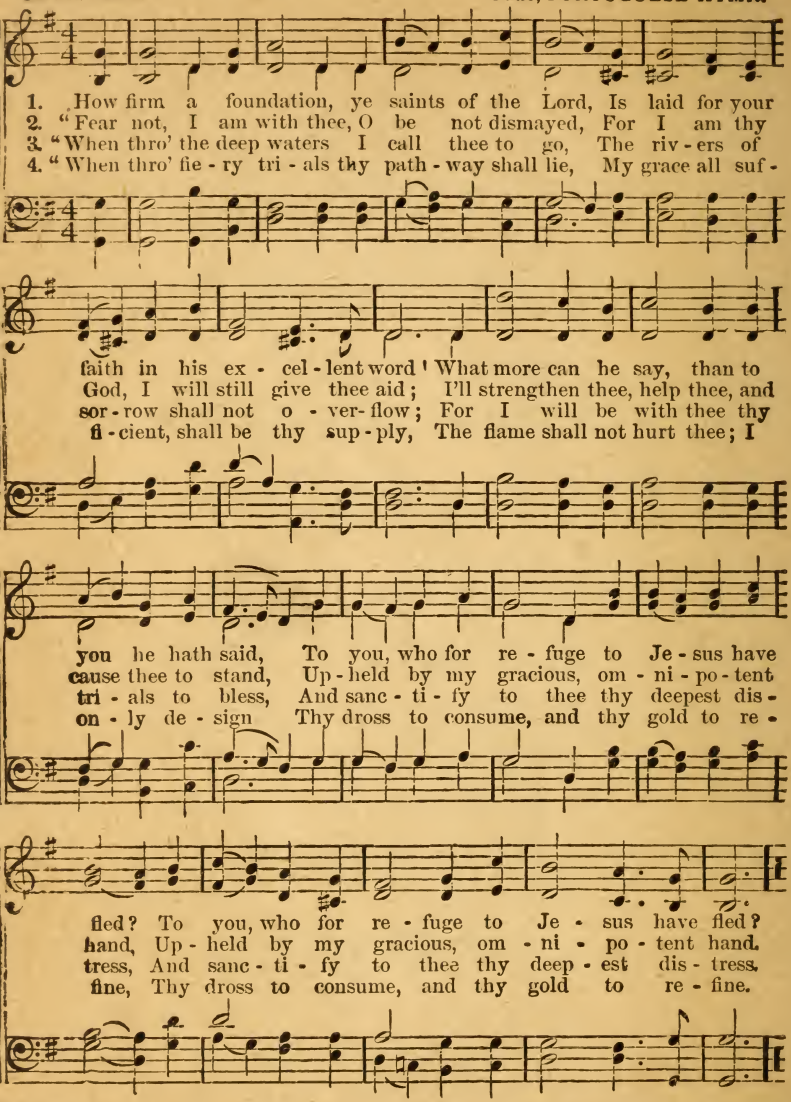




359

The Firm Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH. Tune, PORTUGUESE HYMN.



5 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove [love;
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn, [be borne.
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

77

Yield not to Temptation.

H. R. Palmer. By per.

1. Yield not to tempta - tion, For yielding is sin, Each victr'y will help you some oth- er to win; Fight manfully onward, Dark passions sub- due,
2. Shun e - vil companions, Bad language disdain, God's name hold in rev'rence, nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earnest, Kind-hearted and true,
3. To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown, Thro' faith we will conquer, though often cast down; He who is our Saviour, Our strength will renew,

Chorus.

Look ev- er to Je- sus, He'll car-ry you through. Ask the Saviour to help you, Comfort, strengthen, and keep you, He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through.

364 Lo! the Stone is Rolled Away

1 Lo! the stone is rolled away,
Death yields up his mighty prey;
Jesus, rising from the tomb,
Scatters all its fearful gloom.

2 Praise him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues
Every note with rapture swell,
And the Saviour's triumph tell.

3 Let Immanuel be adored—
Ransom, Mediator, Lord!
To creation's utmost bound,
Let the eternal praise resound.

365 Wait, my Soul, Upon the Lord.

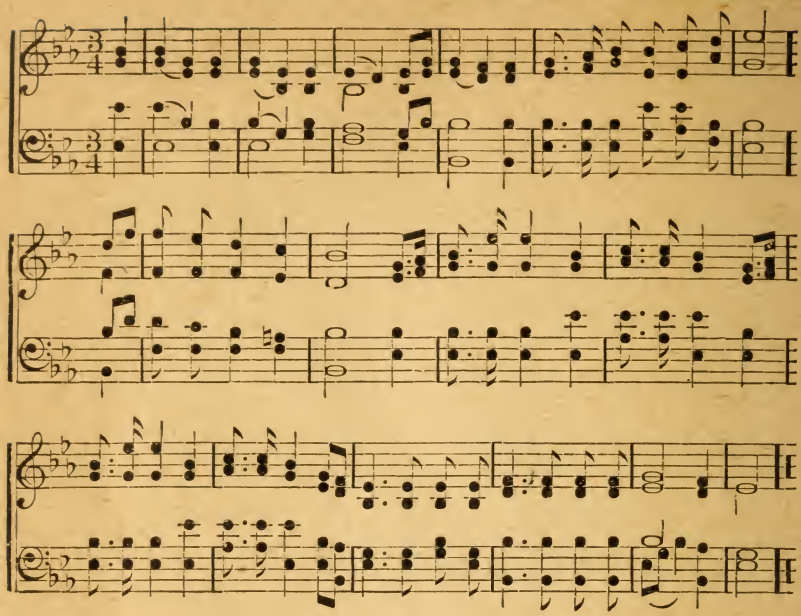
1 Wait, my soul, upon the Lord,
To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon this word,
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace,—
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou mayst see;
This is still my sweet relief,—
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

Ariel. C. P. M.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.



366 O Love Divine.

1 O love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

5 O that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

367 O could I Speak.

1 O could I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

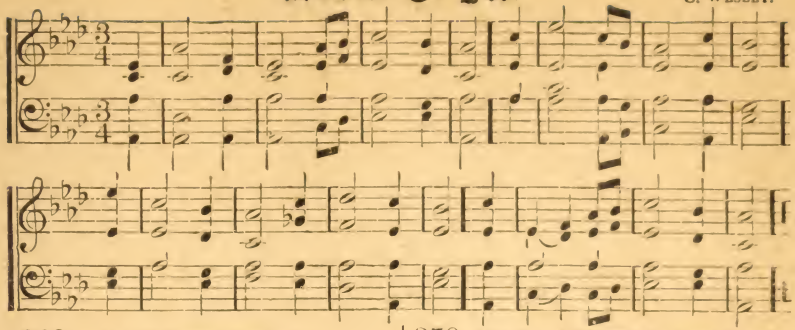
2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Avon. C. M.

C. Wesley.



368 I will Remember Thee.

1 According to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember thee.—

5 Remember thee and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

369 Jesus, I Love.

1 Jesus, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My joy, my hope, my trust;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish
In thee most richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there,
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

370 Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed.

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's, sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

371 Come, Humble Sinner.

1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,—
Come with your guilt and fear oppressed
And make this last resolve:

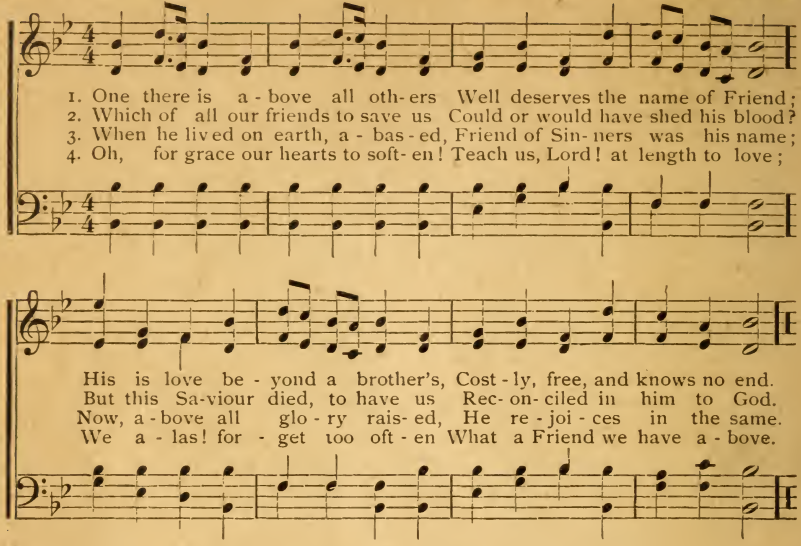
2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
High as a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

4 I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

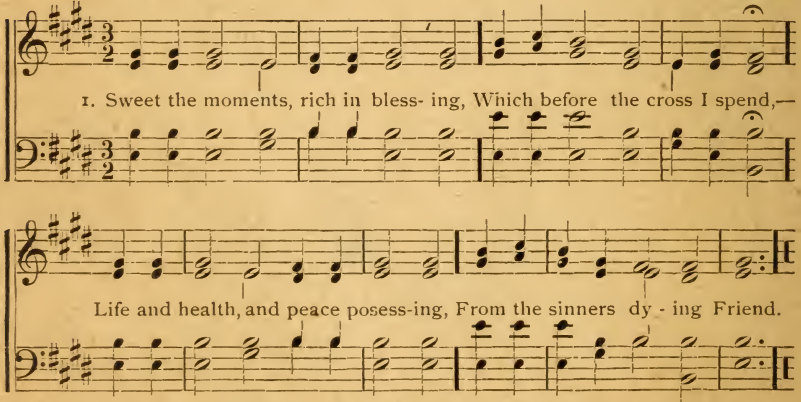
384 One There Is.

JOHN NEWTON. Tune, WILMOT. 8s & 7s.



385 Sweet the Moments.

Tune, DORRNANCE. 8s & 7s.



2 Here I'll sit forever viewing
Mercy stream in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

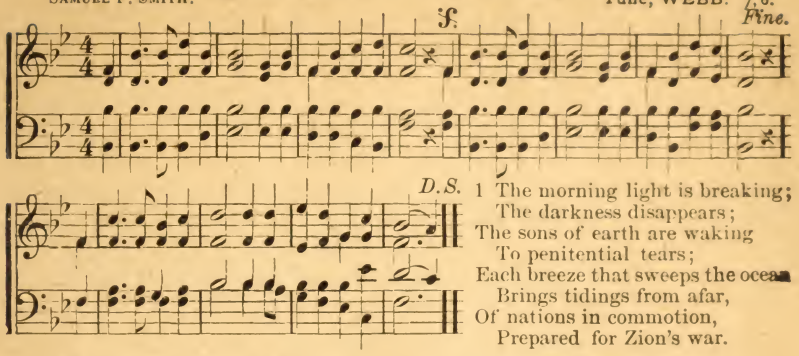
3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie,—
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,—
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

The Morning Light.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. Tune, WEBB. 7.6.



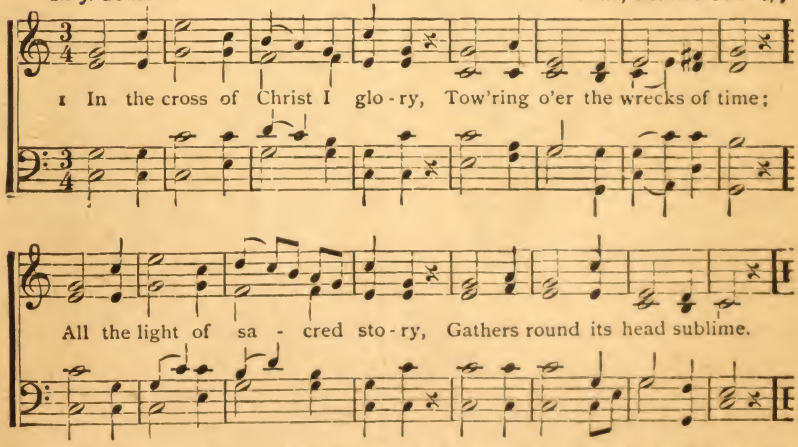
1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

In the Cross of Christ.

Sir J. BOWRING. Tune, RATHBUN. 8, 7



2 When the woes of life o'ertake me.
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

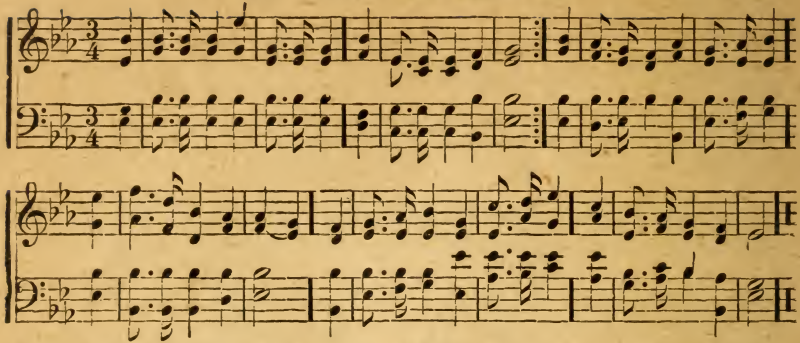
3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Varina. C. M. D.

Geo. F. Root.



429 I Heard the Voice of Jesus say.

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest,—
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast:
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad:
I found in him a resting place,
And he has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light,—
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright:
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till traveling days are done.

430 Jerusalem, my Happy Home.

1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?
Oh, when, thou city of my God!
Shall I thy courts ascend?
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end.

2 There happier bowers than Eden's
Nor sin nor sorrow know; [bloom,
Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.
Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

431 There is a Land of Pure Delight.

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes:
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

432 Whilst Thee I seek.

1 Whilst thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled,
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
Thy love the power of thought bestowed
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

413 Jesus, the Very Thought.

Tr. by CASWALL. Tune, EVAN. C. M.

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of thee With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see, And in thy pres-ence rest.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind thou art!
How good, to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
In thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

All for Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES. Arranged.

1st. 2d.

1. All for Jesus! all for Je - sus! All my being's ransomed powers:
All my thoughts, and words, and doings, All my days, and all my hours.
2. Let my hands perform his bidding, Let my feet run in his ways—
Let my eyes see Jesus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth his praise.

1st. 2d.

All for Jesus! all for Je - sus! All my days, and all my hours; hours.
All for Jesus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth his praise; praise.

3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all besides;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified.
|: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the Crucified. :|

4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings—
Deigns to call me his beloved,
Lets me rest beneath his wings.
|: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath his wings! :|

460 Shall we Meet?

H. L. Hastings. Elisha S. Rice.

1. Shall we meet beyond the riv-er, Where the surg- es cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?

Where in all the bright for- ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor By the bright ce - les - tial shore?

Fine.

D.S. Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?

Chorus. *D.S.*

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine?
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Where the music of the ransomed
Rolls its harmony around,
And creation swells the chorus
With its sweet melodious sound?

5 Shall we meet there many a loved one,
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?

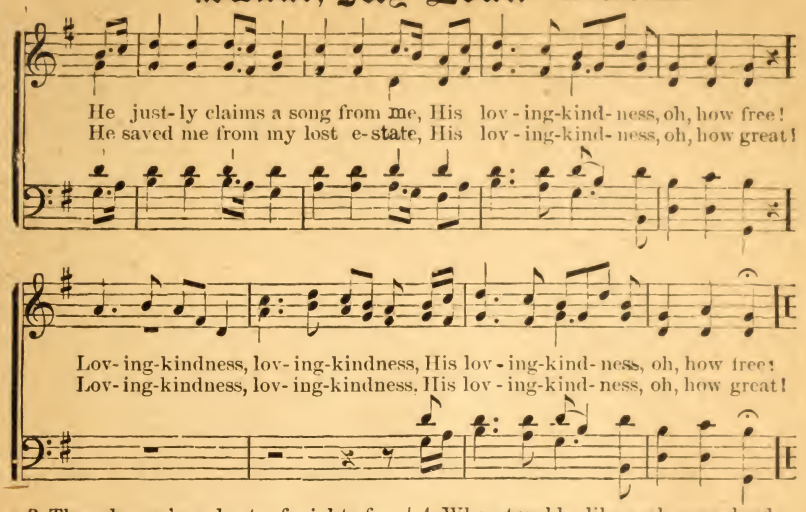
6 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When he comes to claim his own?
Shall we know his blessed favor,
And sit down upon his throne?

461 Awake, My Soul.

Medley. Tune, LOVING-KINDNESS. L.M.

1. Awake, my soul, to joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not - withstanding all;

Awake, My Soul.—CONCLUDED.

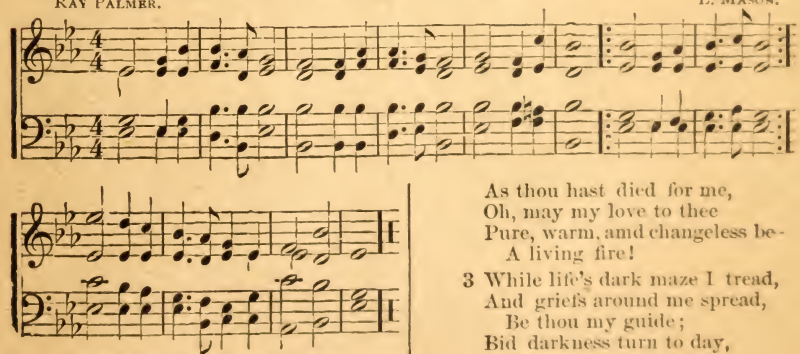


3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

462 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. L. MASON.



1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine!

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, amd changeless be-
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul!

52 When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

B. M. J. J. M. Black.

1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloudless morning, when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till setting sun,

And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair; When the Saved of earth shall
And the glo - ry of his res - urrection share; When his chosen ones shall
Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care, Then, when all of life is

gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up
gath - er to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up
o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up

CHORUS.

yonder, I'll be there. When the roll . . is called up yon- - - der,
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there,

When the roll . . . . is called up yon- - - - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,

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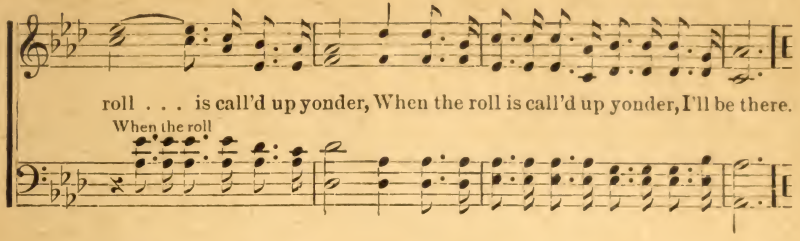
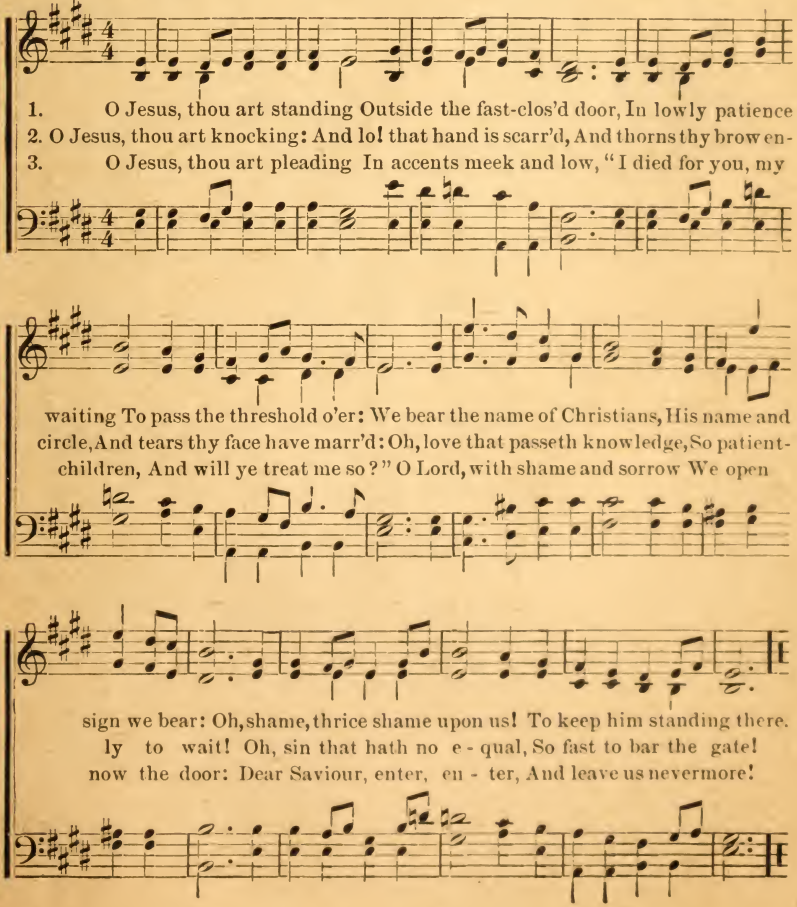


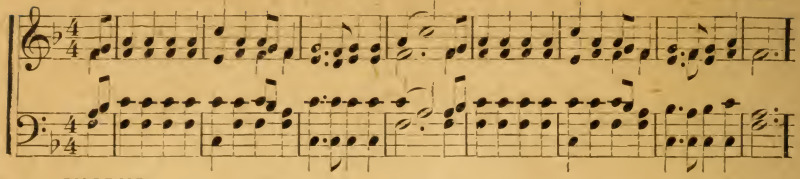
O Jesus, Thou art Standing.

WILLIAM W. HOW. JUSTIN H. KNECHT.

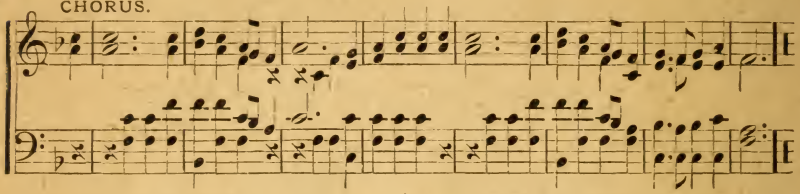


257 We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. Arr. by W. J. K., 1859. Dr. Wm. Miller.



CHORUS.



1 O land of rest for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by
And dwell in peace at home?

Cho.—We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
And we'll be gather'd home.

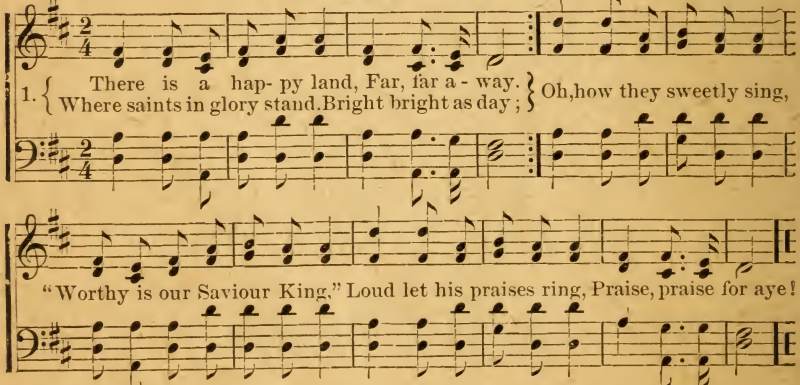
2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome,
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on his breast,
Till he conduct me home.

4 I sought at once my Saviour's side,
No more my steps shall roam;
With him I'll brave death's chilling tide,
And reach my heavenly home.

258 Happy Land.

Old Melody.



2 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright, above the sun,
Reign evermore.

3 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will you doubting stand?
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be.
When from sin and sorrow free;
Lord, we shall dwell with thee,
Blest evermore.

I Must Tell Jesus. 137

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I cannot bear these burdens a - lone; In my distress he kindly will help me; He ev - er loves and cares for his own. I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus, I cannot bear my burdens a - lone; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus can help me, Je- sus a - lone.

2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troubles; He is a kind, com- passion- ate Friend; If I but ask him, he will de - liv - er, Make of my troubles quickly an end.

3. Tempted and tried, I need a great Saviour, One who can help my burdens to bear; I must tell Je- sus, I must tell Je- sus; He all my cares and sorrows will share.

4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is tempted to sin! I must tell Je- sus and he will help me O- ver the world the vict'ry to win.

CHORUS.

rit.

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4 I'll Go where You want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN. "CONSECRATION." CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the stormy sea;
2. Perhaps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak—
3. There's surely somewhere a lowly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—

It may not be at the battle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
Where I may labor thro' life's short day For Je- sus the cru - ci - fied—

But, if by a still, small voice he calls To paths that I do not know,
O Saviour, if thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trusting my all to thy tender care, And knowing thou lovest me,

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall echo thy message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;

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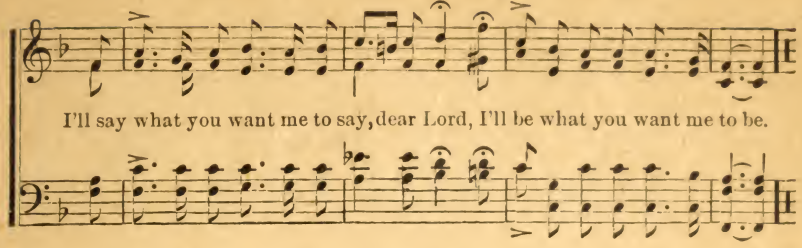
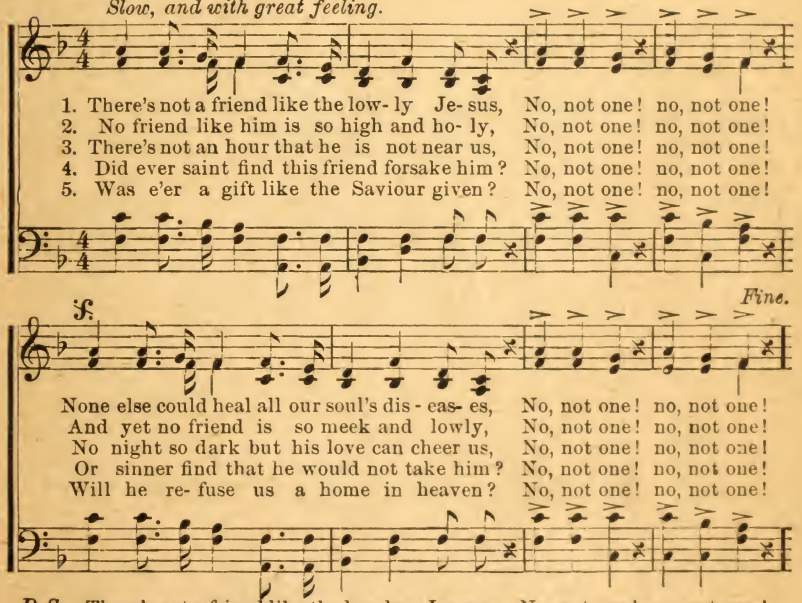


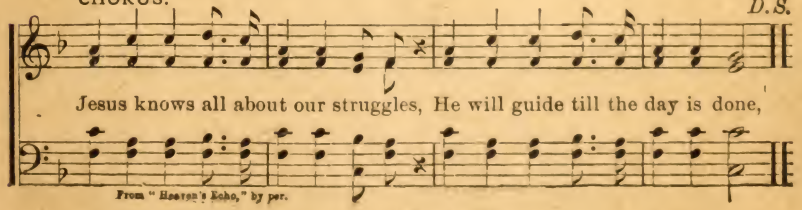
No, Not One!

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Geo. C. Hugo.

Slow, and with great feeling.



CHORUS.



From "Heaven's Echo," by per.

217

We're Marching to Zion.

I. Watts. Rev. R. Lowry.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets, Be
4. Then let our songs abound, And ev - ery tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And
children of the heavenly King, But children of the heavenly King, May
fore we reach the heavenly fields, Be - fore we reach the heavenly fields, Or
marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To

thus sur - round the throne, And thus surround the throne.
speak their joys abroad, May speak their joys a - broad.
walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
fair - - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

Chorus.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau- ti - ful, beau- ti - ful Zi - on; We're
marching on

marching upward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
Zi - on, Zi- on,

By permission

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

4. 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just to take him at his word;
2. O, how sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just to trust his cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust thee, Precious Je-sus, Saviour, Friend,

Just to rest up-on his promise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim-ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the healing, cleansing flood.
Just from Je-sus simp-ly tak-ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

REFRAIN.

Je-sus, Je-sus, how I trust him! How I've proved him o'er and o'er!

p

Je-sus, Je-sus, precious Je-sus! O for grace to trust him more.

From "Songs of Triumph," by per.

Keep Close to Jesus.

J. L. JOHN LANE.

1. When you start for the land of heaven - ly rest, Keep close to
2. Nev- er mind the storms or tri- als as you go, Keep close to
3. To be safe from the darts of the e - vil one, Keep close to
4. We shall reach our home in heaven by and bye, Keep close to

Jesus all the way; For he is the Guide, and he knows the way best,
Jesus all the way; 'Tis a comfort and joy his fa - vor to know,
Jesus all the way; Take the shield of faith till the vic-to- ry is won,
Jesus all the way; Where to those we love we'll never say good-bye,

CHORUS.

Keep close to Je - sus all the way. Keep close to Je - sus,

Keep close to Je - sus, Keep close to Je - sus all the way; By

day or by night never turn from the right, Keep close to Jesus all the way.

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Standing on the Promises.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.

1. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal
2. Standing on the prom-is - es that can - not fail, When the howling
3. Standing on the prom-is - es I now can see Per - fect, present
4. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to him e -
5. Standing on the prom-is - es I can - not fall, Listening ev - ery

a - ges let his prais - es ring; Glo - ry in the highest, I will shout and sing,
storms of doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing Word of God I shall pre - vail,
cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
ter - nally by love's strong cord, O - vercoming dai - ly with the Spir - its' sword,
moment to the Spir - its' call, Rest - ing in my Saviour, as my all in all,

CHORUS.

Standing on the promises of God. Stand - ing, stand - ing,
Standing on the promises, Standing on the promises,

Standing on the promis- es of God my Saviour; Stand - - ing,
Standing on the promis- es,

stand - - ing, I'm standing on the promis- es of God.
Standing on the prom- is- es,

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We'll Never Say Good By.

"We shall never say 'good by' in heaven."—The words of a dying Christian woman.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tennl' .

1. Our friends on earth we meet with pleasure, While swift the moments fly,
2. How joyful is the thought that lingers, When loved ones cross death's sea
3. No parting words shall e'er be spoken In that bright land of flowers

Yet ev - er comes the thought of sadness That we must say good by.
That when our la - bors here are end - ed, With them we'll ev - er be.
But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness, Shall ev - ermore be ours.

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CHORUS.

We'll nev - er say good by in heaven, We'll never say good by, . . .

Repeat Chorus pp

For in that land of joy and song We'll never say good by.

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